THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2006

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

A FAMILY PAPER,

Devoted to News, Literature, &c.

TERMS (CASH IN ADVANCE.)

SINGLE COPY $2.00 A YEAR.

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THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Almost immediately following Mr. Carlyon's departure, on the night mentioned in the last chapter, there came a tremendous knock at the kitchen window, causing widow Gould to jump from her chair, and Mrs. Pepperfly nearly to upset a saucepan she was holding over the fire. It was Judith, who had come in, and took that way of making her arrival known.

"What a fool you be, Judy, to come frightening folks like that!" exclaimed the widow. "Can't you come into the house quiet and decent?"

Judith came in and stood at the kitchen door.

"My face is bad, and I'm going to bed," she said, "but I thought I'd come in first and ask if I could do anything more for Mrs. Crane. Who's up with her?"

"Nobody now. Doctor Carlyon's just gone."

Judith went up stairs. She felt very tired, for she had been up all Friday and Saturday nights; and, though she had gone to bed on Sunday night, she had slept but little from pain in her face, having, as she supposed, caught cold in it.

"Is that you, Judith?" Mrs. Crane asked, when she perceived Judith had entered. "How is your face now?"

"The pain's much easier," was Judith's reply; "Mr. Stephen Grey said it would be, now the swelling had come on. Can I do anything more for you, ma'am?"

"No, thank you, there's nothing more to be done. I suppose Mrs. Pepperfly won't be long before she brings up my gruel. You can tell her I am ready for it, as you go down. You will be glad to get to bed, Judith."

"Well, ma'am, I shall, and that's the truth. For to lie tossing about with pain, as I did last night, tires one more than sitting up."

At that moment in came Mrs. Pepperfly; a flaring candle in one hand, and a tray, with a basin of gruel on it, in the other. Judith, always suspicious of Mrs. Pepperfly, went close, and glanced into the basin, lest that lady should have seasoned it with a few drops of tallow, in her ascent. The gruel appeared to have escaped, and Mrs. Crane burst into a hearty fit of laughter. Judith and Mrs. Pepperfly turned to her in amazement.

"I cannot help it," she said; "it is your face I am laughing at, Judith. I never saw such a one; it looks just like a full moon."

"'Twould, mum, if it warn't too white," added Mrs. Pepperfly.

"Never mind the looks," cried Judith, "so that I am easy. The more it swells the easier the pain will be, Mr. Stephen said; and the swelling will soon go down again."

Judith departed for the night. Mrs. Pepperfly arranged the basin of gruel conveniently on the bed, and stood by, while it was eaten.

"Has Mr. Stephen Grey sent in the composing draught?" Mrs. Crane inquired.

"It's in the other room, mum; but you mustn't take it, just upon the gruel. It come while Mr. Carlyon were here, and he tasted of it. Just like them doctors; they're safe to put their tongues to each other's medicines."

About half-past nine, or a quarter to ten, after Mrs. Crane had been made comfortable for the night, Mrs. Pepperfly pronounced it time for the composing draught.

"Just light me to get it, will you?" she asked of the landlady, who was then in the bedroom.

It was on the chiffonier, where she had placed it. She took it into the bedroom, poured its contents into a large wine glass, and Mrs. Crane drank the whole.

"How it do smell!" whispered Mrs. Gould, who had stood by with the candle.

"So it do; Mr. Carlyon said it did, hisself, but them doctors' noses be quick."

"It don't want much quickness to smell this," sniffed the landlady.

"It was just at the moment as I'd took my drop short, and you know—"

An awful cry; bringing Mrs. Pepperfly's words to a standstill; an awful cry of alarm and agony! but whether it came from Mrs. Crane on the bed, or Mrs. Gould by her side, or from both, Mother Pepperfly was too much startled to know.

Oh, then was commotion in the chamber! What was amiss with their patient? Was it a fainting fit, or was it death? Was it the decree of God that was taking her, or had some fatal medicine been given to her, in error for the right?

There is no mistaking death by those accustomed to the sight; and Mrs. Pepperfly, more thoroughly sobered in the brain than she often was, wrung her hands.

"It's death!" she exclaimed to Mrs. Gould; "as sure as that you and me's living here, it's death, and she's gone. That physic must have been pison, and perhaps they'll try us both for giving it to her, and hang us after it!"

With a hullabaloo that might have been heard a mile off, Mrs. Gould tore down the stairs. She was certainly scared out of her senses just then. Partly with consternation and terror at the event just happened; partly with fear induced by the nurse's remark, as to possible trouble for them; partly with horror at finding herself in the presence of the dead. She burst out at the street-door, left it open, and went panting up the street, some vague idea running through her confused brain of fetching Mr. Grey. A few yards from her own door, she ran against Mr. Carlyon.

Without a word of explanation, for she was too breathless and bewildered to give it, she seized his arm and began to run back again, pulling him with her. Mr. Carlyon appeared not to relish so summary a mode of proceeding.

"Stop," he exclaimed, "stop; what is this? what is the matter?"

"She's dead," shrieked Mrs. Gould, in reply, "she's lying dead and stark on her bed."

"Who is dead?" replied Mr. Carlyon.

"Our lodger; the lady you came to see this unlucky night; the blessed breath's just gone out of her."

Without waiting for her to finish her sentence, Mr. Carlyon had shook her arm away, and darted off with the first word. He was quicker than she was, gained the house, and was inside it before she had reached the gate. At that moment the Reverend William Lycett passed. Mrs. Gould also seized upon him, sobbed forth some confused explanation and took him up-stairs. She possibly felt safer in a multitude.

Mother Pepperfly was standing at the foot of the bed, her eyes round with alarm, and Mr. Carlyon had thrown down the bedclothes and placed his ear to the heart that lay there.

"Is she dead?" uttered Mr. Lycett as he entered, having gathered a gleam of fact out of Mrs. Gould's confused story.

Mr. Carlyon then placed his ear to the mouth, passed his hand over the damp forehead, touched one of the hands. He was very pale.

"This is awful," he exclaimed; "I left her well scarcely an hour ago."

"Is she dead?" repeated Mr. Lycett.

"She is dead," replied Mr. Carlyon. "What had you been giving her?" he demanded of Mother Pepperfly, and his voice had a sharp accent.

"Please, sir, I give her her gruel; and, please, sir, I give her her draught," returned the nurse, trying to squeeze out a tear.

"Ah! that draught!" uttered Mr. Carlyon in a lower tone, but not an inaudible one. "I was wrong not to take it away with me!"

"Has she died from poison?" whispered Mr. Lycett.

"From poison—as I believe. What else can she have died from?—a woman well one hour, and gone the next."

Mr. Carlyon, as he spoke, had been bending his head over the face of the corpse, smelling at the breath—or, rather, at where the breath had once been, the mouth.

"You are not acquainted with the properties of drugs, I presume, Mr. Lycett, or else—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the clergyman, "few people, save qualified apothecaries, are better acquainted with them. My father is a surgeon, a general practitioner, and half my boyhood has been spent in his surgery.—Though not intended to follow his profession, he held that a knowledge of it would do me no harm, and instructed me accordingly."

"Then just put your nose here, and tell me what you find," returned Mr. Carlyon.

The clergyman did as requested, and bent his face over that of the dead.

"Prussic acid," he whispered; and Mr. Carlyon gravely nodded.

"What do you say she had been taking?" asked the latter of Mother Pepperfly. "Gruel? and the draught? Which first?"

"Oh, the gruel, sir; she took that a'most as soon as you left. There's the basin, by token though, never took down stairs."

Mr. Carlyon laid hold of the basin pointed out to him. A few drops remained still in it; he smelt it, and then tasted it.

"Nothing wrong there," he observed.

"And her draught, sir, we give her sometime after," Mrs. Pepperfly had continued, "and not a minute had she took it, when—I shan't overget the fright for a year to come—she was gone."

"A year!" echoed wailing Mrs. Gould from the door, where she had stood crying and shaking, half in, half out of the chamber, "I shan't overget it for my whole life."

"Where is the bottle?" inquired Mr. Carlyon.

"The bottle?" repeated Mother Pepperfly, where, now, did I put it? Oh, it's behind you, sir; there; on the little table at the bed's head."

Mr. Carlyon turned. The empty bottle, which had contained the draught, lay there, the cork in. He took out the cork, smelt it, recorked it, and laid it down with an angry scowl.

"Do you smell anything wrong?" inquired Mr. Lycett, who was standing on the opposite side of the bed.

For answer, the surgeon handed him the phial, and Mr. Lycett removed the cork for one moment, and put it in again. It was quite sufficient.

"Where did the draught come from?" he exclaimed, but he spoke in haste; the next moment he saw, by the label, that it came from the Messrs. Grey.

Mr. Carlyon took the phial, and replaced it on the table.

"Mrs. Gould," he said, "you had better step up, and fetch Mr. Stephen Grey."

Glad to be away from the death chamber, yet afraid to stay by herself below, Mrs. Gould was not sorry to be sent on the errand. It was a lovely moonlight night, and Mr. John Grey was standing at his door, where he had just been talking to a neighbor: very surprised was he to find the Widow Gould almost him, as well as she could, for her sobs.

"Oh, sir, this will kill some of us!"

Mr. John Grey, a strong-minded, decisive man, quick in speech, was apt at times to be a little stern; like Judith, he had no patience with nervous nonsense. He was a very tall man, taller than his brother, with aquiline features, and keen, dark eyes.

"What will kill some of us, Mrs. Gould? Our nerves?"

The widow stepped close up to him.

"Where's Mr. Stephen, sir? Oh, sir, she's dead! and it's that draught which Mr. Stephen sent down to-night, that has killed her."

"Who is dead?" repeated Mr. Grey, in wonderment. "What draught? What are you talking of?"

"The lady Mr. Stephen's attending at my house, sir. He sent her a sleeping draught, to-night, and there must have been poison in it—for she died almost the minute she had swallowed it. I mean Mrs. Crane, sir," she added, seeing Mr. Grey looked as if he could not understand her.

"Dead!" he uttered.

"Stone dead, sir. Mr. Carlyon said I had better come up for Mr. Stephen. He's there with Mr. Lycett."

Mr. Grey closed his own door and entered his brother's house, the widow following him. Frederick Grey, hearing them enter, came into the hall.

"Is your father in, Frederick?"

"No, Uncle John. I don't suppose he'll be long. I don't know where he's gone, though."

"Did he make up a draught to-night for Mrs. Crane, do you know?"

"Yes, I know he did, for I was in the surgery. A composing draught. Why? It was sent."

"Why it have just killed her, Master Frederick," put in Mrs. Gould. "It were prussic acid, they say, and no composing draught at all."

"What thundering nonsense!" echoed the boy, who appeared to have caught only the last part of the speech.

"Nonsense, is it, sir," sobbed the widow. "She's dead."

Frederick glanced quickly at his uncle, as if for confirmation, or the contrary.

"I'm going down there, Frederick; Mrs. Gould says she *is* dead. Tell your father to follow me, as soon as he comes in."

The boy stepped outside, and looked after them down the street, his brain busy. At that moment he saw their assistant, young Mr. Whittaker, approach from the other end of the street, to enter his uncle's house. He had been their apprentice once, but was now out of his time. Frederick Grey took his cap from the hall, where it hung, went out and met him.

"Whittaker, they are saying the new patient, Mrs. Crane, is dead. Have you heard anything of it?"

"Rubbish!" retorted Mr. Whittaker. "Mr. Stephen told me to-night, she was as good as well. Who says it?"

"Mother Gould. She has been up here to fetch them. Uncle John is gone down, leaving word for papa to follow him; tell him, will you, as soon as he comes in."

Frederick Grey vaulted off, and caught up to Mrs. Gould as she was closing her door. He stole up stairs after his uncle.

Mr. John Grey entered the chamber, only to find a corpse, as Mr. Carlyon and the clergyman had done. He first satisfied himself that she was really dead, and then began to search out particulars. Mr. Carlyon directed his attention to the bottle.

"Mr. Grey," he said, "you know how chary we medical fraternity are of bringing an accusation, or casting blame one against another—but I do fear some unfortunate error has been committed. The bottle has undoubtedly contained prussic acid, and it appears but too apparent that it is prussic acid she has died from."

"This phial has certainly had prussic acid in it; but it is impossible that it can have been sent by my brother," remarked Mr. Grey.

"He may not have made it up himself," interrupted Mr. Carlyon. "Is the handwriting his? 'draught to be taken at bed-time. Mrs. Crane.'"

"That is his; and I believe he made her draught up himself. But as to his having put prussic acid in it—I feel sure that he did not."

"I was here when it came," observed Mr. Carlyon, "and I detected the smell at once. At the first moment I thought it was oil of almonds, but, the next, was convinced it was prussic acid. Not that I suspected there was sufficient in to destroy life, the slightest modicum of a drop, perhaps, though why Mr. Grey should have put it in, I did not understand. Now I cannot tell you why it was, but I could not get that smell out of my head. I think it may have been from reading that fatal error in the 'Lancet' last week—you know what I mean?"

Mr. Grey nodded.

"And before I left, I told Mrs. Crane not to take the draught, unless she heard from Mr. Stephen Grey again. As I went home, I called at your house, but was told that Mr. Stephen was not at home. I intended just to mention the smell to him; had he said it was all right, there was an end of apprehension; but mistakes have been so frequent of late, that it set me on my guard. I then went to my own home, made up a composing draught, and was coming out with it, when a message came for me to see a patient. It was all on my way, and I was as quick as I could be, but—as you see—not quick enough."

Mr. Carlyon slightly pointed to the bed as he spoke. Frederick Grey, who had stood by listening, suddenly stepped up to him.

"Have you the draught with you, sir?"

"Of course I have," replied Mr. Carlyon, but he did not appear pleased with the lad's tones, so fearless and haughty. "Here it is," he added, taking it from his pocket; "you will find no prussic acid in that."

Frederick Grey took it from his hand, tasted and smelt it, just as Mr. Carlyon had done by the fatal one. Doctors, as Mrs. Pepperfly had remarked, liked to put their tongues to physic, and Frederick had, perhaps, caught the habit, for he was already an apprentice to the profession.

"No, there's no prussic acid in that," said he, "neither was there in the draught made up by my father. I stood by him the whole of the time, and watched him do it."

"Who brought the draught here, Frederick?" demanded Mr. Grey.

"The boy, uncle."

They were interrupted by Mr. Stephen Grey. To describe his grief and consternation when he saw the dead, would be impossible. Young Whittaker had given him the message—that Mrs. Gould had been up with a tale that Mrs. Crane had died; but Mr. Stephen, who knew the widow and her fears of old, had set it down that the lady was only in a fainting fit. Mr. Stephen heard the details with astonishment; *they were unaccountable; but he repelled with indignation the suspicion of error affecting himself.*

He laid his hand lightly on the brow of the corpse. "I declare," said he, in an earnest, solemn tone, "*in the presence of what remains of this poor young lady; nay, I declare it in a more solemn presence—that of God—who now hears me, that there was no prussic acid, or any other poison whatever, in the draught I sent here this night. Some foul play has been at work: or else some most grievous and unaccountable mischance.*"

Mr. Carlyon moved round the bed, motioned to the nurse and Widow Gould to leave the room, and, standing with the door in his hand, would have motioned Frederick Grey from it also. The latter was standing against the wall near it, and he did not move in answer to the sign. "I'd rather stay in, Mr. Carlyon, if I may," he fearlessly said. "Is there any reason why I may not?"

Mr. Carlyon hesitated, and the words caused the three gentlemen near the bed to look round. "Is he dissrect?" asked Mr. Carlyon, looking at the two brothers.

"Perfectly so, sir." It was Mr. John Grey who answered.

"Mr. Stephen Grey has suggested a doubt of foul play," began Mr. Carlyon when he had closed the door; "but is it possible that there can be any grounds for it? I ask, because you, gentlemen, are all better acquainted with these two women than I. If either, or both of them—"

"Goodness, man," interrupted Mr. Stephen, in his impulsive, free way, "you don't suppose I suspect Mother Pepperfly or the old widow? Pepperfly has her besetting sin, which is drink; and the widow is a foolish, timid woman; but they would not commit murder. What were you thinking of, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Pardon me," he rejoined; "I merely drew the conclusion from your remark. I'm sure I have no cause to cast a doubt on them; but there has been no one else about the lady."

"If I understood Mr. Stephen Grey right, he did not intend to cast suspicion upon any one," interrupted Mr. Lycett. "His remark arose simply from the want of being able to account for the mystery."

"Precisely so," assented Mr. Stephen. "If my thoughts had a bent, one way more than another, it was whether the medicine could have been exchanged or tampered with between my house and this."

"It is not likely," said Mr. Grey; "Dick carries out his medicines in a covered basket. But another idea has suggested itself to me. Stephen, you have seen more of this unfortunate young lady than any one present. I never set eyes on her till now, and I dare say you, Lycett, can say the same. Mr. Carlyon has seen her once—"

"Twice," interrupted Mr. Carlyon. "Last night and this. I should not have come down to-night, but thought it possible Mr. Stephen Grey might wait for me, as I was to meet him here to-night or to-morrow morning."

"What I was about to ask my brother, he having seen more of her than we have, is, whether it is at all probable that she herself added the poison to the draught? Was she in low spirits?"

"Not in the least," interrupted Mr. Stephen, "she has been as gay and cheerful as a person can be. Besides, she could not have added anything to the draught without being seen by the widow and Mother Pepperfly. They were both present, it seems, when it was administered."

"Another thing," observed Mr. Carlyon, "if the poison was added to the draught after it came, how could it have smelt of it on its arrival?"

"There lies the greatest mystery of all," cried Mr. Stephen, "why the draught should smell of poison when it got here."

"Nay," dissented his brother; "there's no wonder at its smelling of poison, if the poison was in it; the mystery is how it got into it. In my opinion, setting her tragical end for the moment aside, there's a deal of mystery attending the affair altogether. Who was she? Where did she come from? Why did she come here, a stranger to the place and to everybody in it? And what a young thing she appears to be?"

She did indeed look young. A fair, pale face, lying there, with its golden-brown hair resting around it. In the alarm of the first moment Mrs. Pepperfly had dashed off her cap, thinking she was fainting, and the hair fell down. Her mouth was open, and her pretty pearly teeth stood out.

"May her soul have found its rest!" murmured the clergyman, as he bent over her for a last look, ere he departed.

Mr. Carlyon suggested that her boxes and drawers should be sealed up, and it was done: he sealing them with his own seal. The next to intrude were the police, Mrs. Gould having told the tale to one who was passing, and he went and fetched his inspector. The latter took possession of the basin which had contained the gruel, and of the bottle.

As Mr. Carlyon went home his mind ran not so much upon the unhappy dead, and the events connected with the night, as upon that face he saw, or thought he saw, upon the staircase landing earlier in the evening. That the face was no imaginary one of his own fancy's conjuring—that it was not an appearance from the world of spirits, but one belonging to a living, breathing person, he felt, in his judgment, convinced. Did he connect that face with the dark deed which had followed? Did he suspect that that stealthy visitor, whoever it might be, was the serpent, standing and waiting to deal the deadly blow? It cannot now be told; but it is certain that Mr. Carlyon did attach dread importance, not the less strong for its being vague and undefined, to that shadowy face: he tossed and turned on his bed, *thinking of it till morning light, and when he did get to sleep it haunted him in fantastic dreams.*

It may be said—why did he not speak of it openly? But of *what* was he to speak? That he thought he saw a strange-looking face, a face half ghostly, half human; a face which had dark whiskers, on the staircase, in the moonbeams, and that when he fetched the candle, and threw its rays around, nothing was to be seen? Nine persons out of ten would have answered him—it was your imagination. And he was not sure that it was not his imagination. He put the question, in a careless sort of way, to the landlady—was any strange man on the staircase, or could any stranger have been there? But both she and Nurse Pepperfly protested that not a soul was in the house but their two selves, save the sick lady, and that no intruder could by possibility have crept in. Why did Mr. Carlyon ask? they inquired; and Mr. Carlyon answered evasively.

CHAPTER V.

COMMOTION.

The Messrs. Grey walked home together from the house of Mrs. Gould. Mr. John passed his arm within his brother's, and Frederick walked by their side.

"This is a most unfortunate event," the former began.

"It's to the full as mysterious as it is unfortunate," was the reply of Mr. Stephen. "Prussic acid get into my composing draught? The thing's an impossibility."

"Uncle John," spoke up Frederick, "had some drops of prussic acid been put into the draught, or had the draught been poured out of the bottle, and prussic acid substituted?"

"Don't talk in that senseless way, Frederick," rebuked Mr. Stephen. "Who would pour medicine out of a bottle, and substitute prussic acid?"

"Well, papa, it is pretty sure she took prussic acid; so it must have been given to her in some way."

"From the drain left in the phial it is evident that some drops were mixed with the draught; just sufficient to destroy life, and no more," observed Mr. John. "Stephen," he added, lowering his voice and speaking with hesitation, "are you sure—pardon the question, but are you *sure* you did not, in some unaccountable fit of absence, mix it with it yourself?"

"I have not mixed medicines for twenty years, John, to make a fatal mistake at last," was the reply of Mr. Stephen. "No: the draught was carefully and properly mixed."

"I stood by and watched papa do it, Uncle John, and I am sure it was carefully mixed. Do you think he could have taken down the jar of prussic acid from its corner without my seeing him? Why, it can't be reached, *you* know, without the steps, and they have not been in the surgery to-day. Mr. Fisher saw him mix it, too."

"Fisher did?"

"Fisher's seeing it happened this way," said Mr. Stephen. "In leaving Mrs. Crane, soon after seven this evening, Fisher was at his window as I went by, and called me in. He had a bottle of champagne just opened on the table, and wanted me to help him drink it. It was Mrs. Fisher's birthday, and we toasted her. After that he came out with me for a stroll, and turned into the surgery with me, and waited while I mixed the draught."

"Who gave the draught to Dick?" asked Mr. John.

"I did," said Frederick, "a few minutes after papa had gone out again."

"And you, Frederick, of course, would not tamper with it?"

"I? Uncle!" returned Frederick, in a surprised and indignant tone. "Mr. Whittaker can testify to that," he more calmly added, "for he came in before papa left the surgery, and did not quit it until after Dick had gone with the medicine."

"Well, it appears incomprehensible," exclaimed Mr. John Grey.

The first thing to be done was to question Dick. He slept at the house of Mr. John, and was already in bed. They proceeded to his room at the top of the house, and roused Mr. Dick from his slumbers, a shock-headed young gentleman, who *struggled up in bed* when he saw them, his *eyes* and *his* hair looking wild.

"Wake up, *Dick*," said his master.

"I is awake, *sir*," responded Dick, blinking his eyes. "Any med'cin to take out? Is I to get up?"

"Wake up better," said Mr. John. "I want to ask you a question. Did you take any medicine to Mrs. Gould's to-night?"

"I took some there, sir. A small bottle it were."

"Who gave it you to take?"

"It were Master Frederick as gave it me, sir, and I took it down there and give it to that fat Pepperfly, for it were she as come to the door."

"Did you go straight there, or did you loiter on your way, and put your basket down?"

"I went straight there," returned Dick, eagerly, "and I never loitered once, nor let go of the basket. Do that Pepperfly say as I took it to her broke, *sir*?" continued the boy, who was beginning to fear that all this cross-questioning must bode some accusation against himself. "She's a big story-teller, if she do!"

"No," said Mr. John. "I only want to know whether that bottle of medicine was delivered at Mrs. Gould's untouched, as it was *given to you?*"

"*Yes, sir*, that it were," was Dick's ready answer, and they could tell from his manner that he was speaking truth.

They next went into the surgery. The steps were brought in from the recess outside, where they were kept, and Mr. Stephen mounted them. In a remote corner of the highest shelf was a glass jar, labelled "Hydrocianic Acid." Mr. Stephen reached it down.

"See!" he exclaimed, "actually cobwebs upon it! and the dust an inch thick! that proves it must have remained untouched for some time past. Why, how long is it? really I think it must be five or six weeks, since we had occasion to use the hydrocianic acid."

"If not longer," remarked Mr. John.

They leaned over the counter, talking together of the mysterious affair, unable to offer any conjecture or surmise by which it might be solved. Conversing eagerly, they did not notice the motions of Frederick, and he, ever restless, ever seeking to be in action, as healthy boys of that age are sure to be, laid hold of the white linen duster kept in the surgery, and dusted well the glass jar containing the poison. Mr. John caught sight of the feat just as it was accomplished.

"Oh, Frederick, what have you done?"

"Only taken off the dust and cobwebs, uncle."

"Do you know," sharply cried Mr. John, in his excitement, "that that meddling action of yours may cost your father his life, or at least his reputation?"

The crimson emotion flushed violently into the face of Frederick. He did not speak.

"So long as that dust was on the jar, it was a sure proof it had not recently been opened. Did you see the cobwebs, spun from the stopper to the jar? What could have afforded more certain evidence that the stopper had not been taken out? Frederick, those friendly cobwebs might have saved your father."

Frederick Grey felt as if there were a ball in his throat choking him; as if it would take his whole life to atone for the imprudence he had just been guilty of.

"It is not likely they will suspect my father!" he passionately exclaimed. "And as to accusing him—no, uncle, they will not do that."

"Who will they accuse," returned Mr. John, "you or me? The medicine went out of this house, and was delivered, untampered with, to Nurse Pepperfly, was administered by her to the patient, untampered with also, so far as we can learn or suspect. Mr. Carlyon, a man in honorable practice as we are, testifies that the medicine did smell of prussic acid when Pepperfly took it up; then to whom will people's thoughts run but to him who made up the medicine? You have faith in your father, and I have faith in my brother, that he could not be, and was not, guilty of error in mixing poison with the draught: but that cobwebbed, dusty jar would have been proof that he had not, for those who have not faith in

him; now you have destroyed it. Go home to bed, boy; you have done enough mischief for one night."

The words were spoken sharply, and Frederick Grey felt their full sting. An agonising remorse for the thoughtless imprudence he had committed, was taking possession of him. He did not retort; he was too completely cowed down: he only longed to be away from all eyes, where he might indulge his repentance—where he might ponder over the means, if there were any, of remedying his fault; where he might pray to God to turn away the evil: he wished his uncle good-night in a humble voice, and then turned to his father.

"Good-night, and God bless you, my darling boy!" said Mr. Stephen, warmly kissing him; "you did not do wrong intentionally."

And Frederick, when he gained his own chamber, threw himself on the bed undressed, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

The town of South Wennock formerly consisted of one long street only, called High Street, but of late some additions had been made to it, and the long street was made longer, the new houses called Palace Street, chiefly consisting of terraces and semi-detached villas, being built to it at one end; and other buildings being added to it at the other. A few years back, the only good house at the other end of the town was the White House, now inhabited by Mr. Carlyon, but many more had been built since, and these new buildings were called Rise End Street, chiefly because they led directly to the hill called the Rise, where were also many new buildings. Altogether, South Wennock could still be said to possess but one long street, though it was called by three distinctive names.

On the morning after the death, this street was in commotion from one end of it to the other; Rise End, High Street, and Palace Street. People stood in groups, discussing the tragedy: on the pavement, in the high road, inside shops, at private doors, they congregated, but one theme in their minds and on their tongues. The previous day, Monday, had been rather a *fruitful one for* the gossip-mongers, inasmuch as they had found food from the accident to Mr. Carlyon and his servant: but, what was that paltry bit of news compared to this? The circumstances were pretty accurately known, and the universal opinion was, that Mr. Stephen Grey must have committed the error in making up the medicine.

"I've druv my horses for fifteen year, and never throwed 'em down to kill my passengers yet, but that's no reason why I mayn't have the ill-luck some day," spoke the coachman of a four-horse stage, plying daily between two certain towns, and passing through South Wennock on its road. "And that's just it, perhaps, with Mr. Stephen Grey. He have been a accurate man up to now, but he may have made the mistake at last; the best of us is liable to 'em, as I'm sure the gentlemen standing round knows."

The gentlemen standing round nodded. They formed part of a large group, collected near the Red Lion inn, in the middle of High Street, and were of various grades and standing, gentlemen, tradesmen, and laborers. In a small country town, where the inhabitants are all well known to each other, they like to converse together familiarly, with little regard to social position.

"Like me," struck in the blacksmith, "I druv a nail right into a hoss's foot last week, and lamed him; and I'll be upon *my word* such a awk'ard accident h'an't happened to me—no, not for years."

"Look at poor Toker, too! how many a hundred times had he gone up the river in that punt of his'n, and al'ays come home safe, till last Friday was a fortnight, and then he got drowned at last."

"I'm sorry for Stephen Grey, though," observed a gentleman, "for if it has been caused by his mistake, he'll feel it all his life. A tender-hearted man is Stephen Grey."

"Mr. John Grey told me this morning, as a proof that the jar their prussic acid is kept in could not have been touched, that it was covered with cobwebs, and remained so covered, after the lady was dead; only young Master Fred officiously wiped them off."

There ensued a silence.

"It had been better, then, that they had let the cobwebs remain, so that the coroner and jury might have seen them"—and the speaker's voice had a tone of skepticism in it.

"John Grey is an honorable man. He would not tell a lie."

Half the collected group shook their heads.

"We don't know what we might do, any of us, towards the saving of a brother."

"Look here," broke out another voice.—"How could the poison have got into the draught, except when it was being made up? And how could Carlyon have smelt it, the moment it got inside the door, if it had not been there?"

"Of course it was there. She would not have died if it had not been there."

"There's my argument. Stephen Grey must have made the error in mixing the medicine. It's all very well to say young Fred wiped the cobwebs off the bottle. Perhaps he did, but not before they had been previously disturbed."

"Talking about young Fred," spoke up a substantial grocer, "he was going by my shop this morning, and I spoke to him. 'My father mixed the draught correctly,' he said; 'I saw him do it, and I can be upon my word that not a drop of poison went into it.' 'Can you be upon oath, Master Frederick?' returned I, just by way of catching the young gentleman. 'Yes, I can, if necessary,' said he, throwing his head back haughtily, and looking in my face full, in his fearless way, 'but my word is the same as my oath, Mr. Plumstead.' My gentleman was quite corked with me."

"Young Fred is a chip of the old Grey block, fearless and honorable," remarked another. "*He* may have noticed nothing wrong, and, if the boy says he didn't, I don't believe he did. But Stee Grey had got his noddle full of champagne when he was compounding the draught. He and Fisher had been sucking it in, drinking Fisher's wedding-day, or something of the sort."

"Why, I heered, sirs," put in the coachman again, "as Mr. Stephen said as how Mr. Fisher could be a witness for him, for he saw him make up the physic."

"Here comes Fisher," interrupted another, as a pleasant-looking man of thirty or thereabouts, approached the group. "How d'ye do, Fisher? We had just got your name in our mouths. Is it true that your champagne made Stephen Grey soapy last night, and led him to take prussic acid for syrup of squills?"

"That's right! go it, all of you!" sarcastically uttered Fisher, who was a land agent and auctioneer. "Stephen Grey knows better than to get soapy on my champagne or on anybody else's. Now, I'll just tell you the rights of the case. It was my wife's birthday, and after tea I opened a bottle of champagne, and just at the moment I saw Stephen Grey going by, and beckoned him in, to help drink her health. My wife had two glasses out of it, and Stee and I finished the rest; and if you think that that quantity, divided between us, could affect his nerves or mine, why I have done.—Stee Grey was as sober when he went out of my house, as I am now. I went with him and saw him compound this identical, fatal medicine."

"And can bear witness that he put no prussic acid into it then, Fisher?"

"Not I. If it was said to be composed of prussic acid pure, I couldn't tell to the contrary. I saw him pour two or three liquids together, but whether they were poison, or whether they were not, I can't tell. How should I know his bottles apart? And if I did, I took no notice, for we were laughing and joking all the time. This morning, when I was in there, Mr. Whittaker showed me the place of the prussic acid, and I can be upon my oath that no bottle, so high as that, was taken down by Mr. Stephen. So far I can say."

Nevertheless, the probabilities appeared too overwhelming against Mr. Stephen Grey. A sort of tide set in against him: not against the man personally, but against the possibility of the draught having been fatally impregnated by any hands but his. The rumors and the gossip were promulgated in the town, growing higher hour by hour; until at length the version, most people adopted, was this: that Stephen Grey and Thomas Fisher were "half screwed," that in compounding the draught they were "chaffing" together, and that, what with his "screwed" condition and what with the "chaff," Stephen Grey must have unwittingly committed the error.

In vain Frederick Grey denied both assertions. So little was his father "screwed" that he had failed to perceive that he had taken anything, and was unconscious of the fact, but to assert this, or to reiterate the declaration that, from his own knowledge, looking on, the correct medicines had been used, was a hopeless task, for the townspeople had made up their minds. "Let it rest, Frederick," said Mr. Stephen to his son, "they will be convinced sometime."

"Yes—but meanwhile!" thought Frederick with a swelling heart. Ay, what, in the meanwhile, might happen to his father? Would he be committed for manslaughter? tried, convicted, and punished!

Upon none did Mrs. Crane's death produce a more startling shock than upon Judith Ford. Mrs. Jenkinson's house, the old lady being an early bird, had gone to rest when it happened, so that even Margaret did not know of the tragedy, passing so near her, until the next morning. *She did not disturb Judith at once to tell her.* She knew her sister had need of rest, and Judith, who had leave to lie late, was not down till past nine. Margaret was at her breakfast in the kitchen.

"Why your face looks pretty nigh itself again!" began Margaret, "and you've left off the wraps."

"Yes, the swelling's gone down, and the pain's better. Margaret, you ought to have called me, not let me lie so late as this. Thank ye: I don't think I can eat: I'll only have some tea. I'll take a bit of bread-and-butter later, may be."

Margaret busied herself pouring out a cup of tea for her sister, but her mind was not upon her employment: she was a sensitive girl, could not bear to break the news to her, and was ruminating upon how she should best do it. Before she decided, Mrs. Jenkinson's bell rang, and Margaret had to answer it.

"I wonder how Mrs. Crane is this morning?" exclaimed Judith, as she returned. "Have you heard?"

"I—I'm afeared she 's not quite so well this morning," responded Margaret. "Do eat a bit of bread-and-butter, Judy: you'll want it."

"Not so well!" returned Judy, unheeding the exhortation to eat, "has fever come on?"

"No, it's not fever. They say—they say—that the wrong medicine has been given to her," brought out Margaret, thinking she was accomplishing her task cleverly. "It's more than I can understand; but it—it—they say the effects will kill her."

Judith gulped down her hot tea, and rose. Margaret caught her as she was escaping through the door. "Don't go, Judy: stop here: you can't do any good."

"I must go, Margaret: those two women, in there, are not worth a rush, both put together, and if she's in danger, poor young lady, you won't see me back again till she's out of it. Margaret, there, you have no right to detain me!"

She strove to force herself out. Margaret contrived to get the door shut, and placed her back against it. "Sit down in that chair, there; just for a minute, while I tell you something. It's of no *use* for you to go in, Judy: don't you understand, or must I speak plainer?"

Judy had sat down on the chair: she was staring hard at her sister. "Of no use! No, I don't understand."

"It's all over, Judy; it was over at ten o'clock last night. She's dead."

The same hard stare on Judith's face: she did not speak: perhaps she could not yet realize the sense of the words. Margaret continued:

"Mr. Stephen Grey sent her in a sleeping draught, to be given the last thing. He made some extraordinary mistake in it—extraordinary for the Greys—and sent poison. As soon as she drank it, she died."

Judith's face had been growing of a deathlike, stony whiteness, but there was the same hard, uncomprehending look upon it. It suddenly changed, the hard look for intelligence, the uncertainty for horror. She uttered a low piercing shriek, and hid her face in her hands.

"Now this is just what I thought it would be—you do take on so!" rebuked Margaret. "It's shocking, it's dreadful for the unfortunate young lady, but still she was a stranger to us."

Judith was shivering. Presently she raised her head. "Mr. Stephen sent poison, do you say?"

"*They* say it. It's odd to me if he did. But her death, poor thing, seems a proof positive."

"Then he never did send it," emphatically uttered Judy. "Oh, Margaret, this is awful! When did she die?"

"Well, I b'lieve it was really about a quarter or ten minutes to ten last night. Mr. Carlyon went there, it appears, after Mr. Stephen, and he smelt the poison in the bottle. He went off to the Greys to speak to Mr. Stephen and ask if it was right, but she had taken it before he could get back again. That's what Dame Gould told me this morning."

Judith was looking stony again. "If Mr. Carlyon smelt the poison, why did he not forbid it to be given to her?" she said after a while.

"Well—upon my word I forget. I think, though, they said he did forbid it. I know Mrs. Gould gave some explanation."

"I must go in, and learn more, Margaret," said Judith, in a resolute voice, rising.

"Ay, you may go now. I only wanted to break it to you first."

Judith was allowed to see the corpse. It was lying as it had died, and a policeman held charge of it. She restrained her tears: she was too full of horror, of doubting thought, to give way to tears. Mrs. Pepperdy and the widow, now that their fright was a little eased, were voluble, and Judith heard as much as they knew.

In the course of the morning, Judith encountered Frederick Grey.

"Well, Judith," began the boy, in a tone of resentment, "what do you think of this?"

"I don't know what to dare to think, sir. Nothing, in all my life, has ever come over me like it."

"Judith, *you* know papa; now do you believe it within the range of possibility, possibility, mind, that he should put prussic acid into a sleeping draught?" he continued, in excitement.

"Master Frederick, I do *not* believe that he put it in."

"But now, look here. I was by when that medicine was mixed up; I saw everything my father put into it, watched every motion, and I declare that it was made up correctly. And yet, when it gets to Mrs. Crane's, there's said to be poison in it, and she drinks it, and dies! Who is to explain it, or account for it?"

Judith did not reply; the hard, stony look was stealing over her face again.

"And the town lays the blame upon papa! *They say—oh, I won't tell you all they say*; but, Judith, there'll be a *few*, yet, that don't believe him guilty."

"I am one, sir."

"Ay, Judith—"

The lad bent forward, and whispered in her ear. Her face turned crimson, as if with emotion, as she listened. She put up her hands *deprecatingly, essaying to stop him.*

"Hush, hush, Master Grey! be silent, sir."

"Judith," cried he, "for two pins I'd *say* it aloud."

"I had rather you said it aloud than said it to me. Is there to be an inquest, sir?"

"An inquest! I should just think so. If ever a case wanted an inquest it's this one. If the verdict goes against my father, it will be my fault." And he forthwith described to her how he had wiped the cobwebs and dust off the jar. "The worst of it is, speaking of minor considerations," he went on, "that nobody knows where to write to her friends, whether she has any, or whether she has not. My father says you took a letter to the post for her."

"So I did," said Judith, "but I did not notice the address, except that it was to London. It was to that Mrs. Smith, who came down and took away the baby."

"They are going to try to find her; Carlyon says she ought to be found, if possible, because, through her, we may hear of Mrs. Crane's friends. The police are spoken to, and Carlyon gave them a description of the woman; he saw her at Great Wennock station. And now I must make a run for it, Judith, or I shall catch it for loitering."

The gentlemen at first fixed on to make the post mortem examination, were Mr. John Grey and Mr. Carlyon. But Mr. Carlyon intimated that he should be better pleased not to act; delicacy of feeling towards Mr. Stephen Grey being understood to be the motive of his refusal. A surgeon from Great Wennock was substituted, and he and Mr. Grey performed the duty.

They found the body perfectly healthy, and that death had ensued, as was supposed, from the taking of prussic acid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Mrs. Jenkins complained in the evening that the turkey she had eaten at Thanksgiving did not *set* well. "Probably," said Jenkins, "it was not a hen turkey." He got a glass of water in his face.

☞ The thirsty man dreams of fountains and running streams; the hungry man of ideal banquets; and the poor man of heaps of hidden gold. Nothing certainly is more magnificent than the imagination of a beggar. It is thus kind nature consoles with shadows for the lack of substance.—*Washington Irving.*

☞ An Incident in the Life of a Tailor.—Scene:—A cheap shop on Market street.

Tailor, holding up over coat. Here's a sweet pretty thing, sir. I can assure you it's very much worn, sir.

Country cousin, indignantly. Hang its being very much worn! I want something that's quite new. (*Tailor swoons.*)

☞ To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—*Pope.*

☞ American Proverbs. — Sherry-cobbler mends no shoes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy,	and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of	THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of	THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of	THE POST, - - -	5,00
Four "	(and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight "	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty	(and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen, or twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is FOUR DOLLARS! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The *money for* Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

GAS.

A correspondent of *The Press* says:—

Mr. Editor: Do you know, and do the people of Philadelphia know, how beautifully they are being *done* in gas? Let any one compare his gas bill for the last three months with that for the corresponding three months of the year 1855, and he will see.

One common and almost universal mode of "doing" the community in gas, is to fill the meters with water above the proper water level. We should not be surprised if nineteen gas meters in twenty—not only in this city, but in other cities—were at this moment registering falsely, owing to the unfairness of the agents of the companies in filling them with water above the level of the side screw. Our readers however *can* easily test this. Let them go down into their cellars in the daylight,—and proceed as follows: 1. Turn off the gas entirely, at the large stop cock. 2. Take out the screw in the bottom of the meter. 3. Take out the screw at the top of the meter, where the water is poured in. 4. Take out the side screw, which denotes the proper water level. If the water, in nineteen cases out of twenty, does not pour out of this in a stream, instead of just trickling out—as it ought to do—then we are greatly mistaken in the general honesty of gas companies.

Leigh Hunt and Harold Skimpole.—Mr. Dickens has at length done what, as we said some months ago, he should have done at first, denied, under his own hand, that in drawing the character of Harold Skimpole he intended to picture Mr. Leigh Hunt. It seems, however, that Mr. Dickens did base the character of Skimpole upon that of Hunt, so far as the airy and versatile qualities of the character were concerned. Mr. Dickens says:—

Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the works we have quoted, were remembered by the author of the work of fiction in question, when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that "sort of gay and ostentatious wilfulness" in the humoring of a subject, which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to find that delightful manner re-producing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character *speak* like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature, than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello, on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner, he meant to be so cautious and conscientious, that he privately referred the proof sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to his "way."

Mr. Dickens certainly was treading on dangerous ground when he combined with the well-known lineaments of his "friend," the shallow heart of a selfish scoundrel.

Free Passes.—Passes on railroads to editors of newspapers do not equal six per cent. of the whole number of passes issued; and passes on railroads to editors of newspapers do not constitute three per cent. of the whole number of passes presented on railroads in the West. Fifteen-sixteenths of the whole number of passes issued on railroads in the West are issued to persons in no way connected with the newspaper press.

If we are not mistaken, a very large proportion of the persons passed free over the great railroads, are passed on the free passes given by the conductors. Acting on the general spoliation principle which probably obtains from the Presidents down, the conductors not only pass their friends, but the friends of the conductors of other roads, who reciprocate the courtesy in turn. A correct answer of the question, "Why the railroads pay so badly?" would probably disclose a great many facts which the masses of credulous stockholders little dream of.

OUR LETTERS.

From a number of letters on hand, we take the following. Mr. J. D. W., of Yancyville, N. C., says:—

I received the views of Niagara Falls a short time ago, and am *much pleased with them*; so much so, that enclosed I send you postage stamps for the *Speaking Likeness* you so kindly offer your subscribers. I have taken the Post for the last year, and my family have become very much attached to it.

Mr. J. B. D., of Susquehanna Depot, Penn., who sends on a club of *forty-two* copies, and *forty* engravings, says:—

If every one viewed the Post in the same light that I do, its circulation would be increased a hundred fold on its intrinsic merit alone. This is sufficient to recommend it to a discerning and intelligent public.

Mr. W. R. R., of Frederick, Md., says:—

I received and have distributed to the subscribers ten copies of the plate "Speaking Likeness," all of whom are *highly delighted with it.*

Mr. C. H. B., of Wheeling, Va., says:—

The views of Niagara, received this day, are worth for an ornament the retail price in your city.

A friend told us the other day, that a gentleman of his acquaintance said that our engravings were only lithographs. This is absurd—but what is to be expected of a man who cannot tell a steel plate engraving *even when he sees it.* Our engravings are regular, finely-executed steel engravings, as every one knows who knows what a steel plate engraving is. The simple explanation of our being able to furnish them at such a low price to our readers, is that we do the business on such a large scale. If we only took one where we now take ten, we should have to pay a greatly increased price for them—for the cost of the engraving itself is a leading item in the cost, and that is the same whether one hundred or ten thousand impressions are sold from the plate. If an engraved plate has cost one thousand dollars to engrave, and not more than five hundred impressions of it can be sold, each impression must bring two dollars to pay the cost of engraving alone. But if five thousand impressions can be disposed of, each impression is only saddled with twenty cents as its proportion of the cost of engraving. As to the cost of paper, ink, printing, &c., that is about the same for each impression, no matter how many are taken. Five thousand sheets of paper will cost ten times as much as five hundred, of course; and so with ink and press-work. In these items, therefore, there can be no saving, no matter how many impressions you take.

Our New Year's Addresses.—A Massachusetts reader says:—

How comes it that the Post for several years past has had such really good New Year Addresses? You have made this an established characteristic of your paper, which is as excellent as it is certainly marked and distinctive. While they continue so good and true, I hope this peculiar feature of the old Post will never be wanting. But who writes them? Why can't you, sir, or the author, give us his or her name? Are they always written by the same hand? Do please answer our inquiries.

In the Address for 1860, the refrain or repetition of the last line reminds us of Poe, who made this peculiarity especially his own.

The Vision of the Months is worthy to be, and I hope it will be, inserted in every School Reader in the land, so terse and graphic and true is it.

They are not always written by the same hand, though the Address for this year is by the same author as that for last year. As our correspondent says, the New Year's Addresses of THE POST are "really good," and, in being so, a "peculiar feature." New Year's Addresses, even of able papers, are generally the merest twaddle.

A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, in speaking of "The Old Man of the Mountain," sends the following extract, which he says is from the dinner-table speech at Fryeburg:—"Hatters hang out for a sign a large hat, and shoemakers a big boot, and God Almighty had hung out, up in Franconia, a huge man, as a sign that here in New England he makes Men."

If we were inclined to "take down" our New England friends a little, we might say that the hanging out of such a sign is not generally a proof that the article typified is *made* at the place, but only that it is *for sale* there.

The Terrible Accident at Lawrence.—We publish a full account in our news columns of the fall of the Pemberton mills. The cause of this mournful occurrence is now supposed to be the defective casting of the iron pillars, which supported the centre of the floors, and thus half the weight of the interior of the building. This accident should lead to a thorough examination of all other large structures, whether for manufacturing or other purposes. In truth, officers should be appointed in every town and city, whose duty it should be to examine into the stability of every new erection.

Postage.—In answer to a subscriber in McKean county, we may say that the postage on THE POST is twenty-six cents a year, payable quarterly in advance. The overland rate on letters to California has been heretofore ten cents, though we see it stated that the Department has decided it recently to be by the San Antonio route *three* cents, as the distance is said to be under 3,000 miles. Of course by the isthmus it will still be ten cents, and by the regular overland route, if it is over 3,000 miles.

Acknowledgment.—Our thanks are due to very many kind friends and well-wishers through the country, for their good wishes and active efforts in behalf of THE POST. We trust they will find the paper for the coming year even more entertaining and instructive than ever.

Patented Articles.—Look at the advertisement of Messrs Hingle & Co. They deal in Pen Fountains, Patent Door Fasteners, Needlework Companions, and other little articles of the same sort.

Well Named.—We know very few articles which bear a more appropriate name than "Burning Fluid." Scarcely a day passes without its burning somebody—and generally to death.

"Our Farm of Four Acres."—The author of this interesting series of papers, published in book form in England, and which we ran through THE POST last year, is Miss Coulton, a lady whose place is at Walthamstown, near London. Her work is said to be "one of the most successful books of the late London season."

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

There is a decided "bull" movement in the Spiritualistic market! Spiritualistic stock is up. Mr. Robert Dale Owen, our Minister to Naples, has, to substitute a military for a commercial metaphor, joined the Spiritualistic ranks, and, to drop all metaphor, and state the plain fact, has published a book in the Spiritualistic interest, entitled Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) Things begin to look serious now for the skeptics, if they never did before.

There is one aspect of Spiritualisticism which is excessively comical. We had it arranged so nicely that the world should do without wonder, and had so successfully inaugurated the reign of commonplace and prose. All the fairies and ghosts were voted humbugs, and nothing but "facts" were allowed. If any "facts" presented themselves that were at all extraordinary or unaccountable, they were forthwith labelled "figments," and ignominiously kicked into limbo. The world was completely disenchanted; all the wild woodpaths macadamized—all the fairy wells fitted with patent pumps—all the chimneys through which the witches used to come and go blocked with hot-air registers—all the apparitions referred to indigestion—all the haunted houses reduced to mice-in-the wall and rats-in-the cellar. Mr. Gradgrind had everything satisfactorily arranged into cubes and squares, statistics, and cold daylight. The beadle, as in the German tale, had put up the ladder, and taken down the moon and had rolled up the flowery meadows with their fairy rings, and stowed them away in the attic. Suddenly, *presto!* change! and with a rush and a whir, and a tremendous clatter of multitudinous rapping, like the applause of a stormy caucus, the supernatural world was upon us! Fays, elves, sylphs, undines, salamanders, gnomes, kobolds, lepreharns, witches, warlocks, ghosts, goblins, gorgons and chimeras dire, all peured upon the globe in one multitudinous flood, announced themselves as "spirits" and had "communications" to offer, expressive of the sense of the meeting in regard to Gradgrind. The chairs developed their own into goblin legs, and pranced and ran; the legs of the tables became the legs of dancing masters, and executed jigs and rigadoons; fat ladies were hoisted into mid-air in defiance of the laws of gravity and gravitation; serene gentlemen who believed only in clothes, and thought moss-and-mutton-chop whiskers the chief end of man, were assaulted by their own furniture; and social propriety and respectable unbelief were violated in the most audacious manner.

In a word, to drop banter, the nineteenth century, which looks coldly at marvels, and suspends faith, has been astonished out of its composure by a class of phenomena which were not dreamed of in its philosophy. Science, whose business it is to investigate phenomena, and track them to their cause in nature, doggedly denies the possibility of these. Michael Faraday, a leading English scientifician, says they are not possible. But the facts prove they are. So much the worse for the facts, says Faraday.

Nothing is ever settled in this way. To deny phenomena, which rest upon evidence as good and abundant as any evidence we have on any other subject, seems absurd. Mr. Faraday declares that tables cannot rise—it is impossible. Mr. Owen testifies that on the 1st of October, 1858, he saw in the dining-room of the Count d'Ourches at Paris, a dinner-table with fruit and wine on it, ascend in broad daylight with seven guests looking on, not one touching it. Hundreds of people have testified to things of the same kind—unbelievers with the rest. De Gasparin, who disbelieves in Spiritualisticism, has proved beyond doubt, that the phenomena do exist. The only question now is—what is their cause? The Spiritists answer—spirits. Mr. Owen probably agrees with them. Others hold that the facts of somnambulism, of mesmerism, of hypnotism, prove that there are occult forces and powers in the human soul of which we know little, and which often operate unseen by the consciousness, and that, until the limits are set to these, no person can decisively say that the phenomena which furnish a basis for the crude theories of the Spiritists, have not their sole origin in the "spirit-world" in which we dwell, and in none other. But this aside. The matter in hand is Mr. Owen's book.

Mr. Owen's book is a cool, clear, well-reasoned plea for the theory of spirit-interference in our mundane affairs. It is supported by a series of narratives respecting presentiments, prophetic dreams, apparitions, haunted houses, and the like—many of which appear well-authenticated, though we fear some might suffer abatement if subjected to a severe scrutiny.—For example, one of the best of Mr. Owen's stories is that of a mate on board ship who saw a stranger writing on the captain's slate. The apparition vanished, but on the slate were left the words, "Steer to the Nor'-West."—They obey—they alter the ship's course—find a wreck, and rescue the crew. On board the wreck they find the man whose ghost had been seen by the mate! They make him write on the slate, and his handwriting is the same as the ghost's! They interrogate him, and he avers that he had dreamed that day that he was on board the vessel that rescued him and his fellows! He did not dream that he had written on the slate, but only that he was on board the vessel! Now, this is something of a story. On what evidence does it rest?—This:—the captain, after more than thirty years had passed, told it to Mr. Owen. It is needless to say that such evidence is extremely rickety. Of all the persons who were parties to an incident so remarkable, only one is found to testify to its verity, and this after a lapse

of years. If such a thing were to happen, the probability is that it would be testified to at the time in regular affidavit, by all the persons on board both vessels. Instead of this, thirty years elapse, and then the captain tells it to Mr. Owen. The skeptical reader who knows the marine habit of mind, will infer that the gallant tar, when he met Mr. Owen, thought it a fair opportunity for bailing off a pretty tough yarn! Who knows? Or perhaps the captain deceived himself. Who that has had any experience of men, has not known people through whose imagination some simple occurrence rolled from year to year, gathering like a snowball as it ran, till at length it grew into a tale wild as the Arabian Nights, and as far removed from fact, and yet they believed it all! He who described his opponent as one "indebted to his fancy for his facts," did not merely jest, but uttered a cold truth. There are a dozen explanations of such a story as Mr. Owen had from this seaman, every one far more credible than the one he offers. Lying is not rare in this world. Pseudo-mania, or the mania for falsehood, is a well-established moral disease—named in the medical books as such. Does Mr. Owen know how many people are infected with it?

We might criticise many things "here set down." Take for instance the marvellous narratives which rest upon the evidence of Baron Guldenstubbe. Baron Guldenstubbe is a professional medium of European celebrity, and with his natural bias for Spiritualisticism, it is neither judicial or fair to introduce him here. He is an interested party, which rules out his evidence. For aught we know, he may be a second Cagliostro. The testimony of such a person should, for obvious reasons, have no place in Mr. Owen's work. Still, when all is said, the work is an important contribution to the discussion of the subject, and much credit is due to Mr. Owen for the candor and courage, the cool rational temper, and the general intellectual ability he has brought to his side of the debate. We hope that his book will aid in the settlement of the mysterious question that agitates so many minds, though it may be that the question will be solved in a way that the Spiritists little dream of.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1860. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Morphy's Games: A Selection of the best Games played by the Distinguished Champion in Europe and America. By J. Lowenthal. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Hits at American Whims and Hints for Home Use. By Frederic W. Sawyer. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature; and Other Sermons. By Thomas Hill. Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

Title Hunting. By E. L. Llewellyn. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

Mesmerizing Plants.—Mesmerism has "taken to the wood" at last. A French experimenter has recently given a short statement of some experiments he had been trying on plants, and the vigorous growth of "green" is nearly as marvellous as when tried upon animals.

M. Seydel having planted in a box two rose-trees of the same species and similar size, and each tree three years old, and having placed them in a window with a southern aspect, he mesmerized one of them every day, and watered it with mesmerized water; the other was not mesmerized, and was watered with ordinary water. At the end of three weeks, the mesmerized rose-tree had eighteen fine roses, and greatly exceeded its neighbor in size and vigor; on the other tree only a few partly opened buds were to be seen. The same mesmerist made a similar experiment upon two nightshades which had been planted at the same time and in the same mould, and in a similar aspect to that of the rose-trees. Seeing that one of these appeared drooping and backwards, while the other was in vigorous health, he immediately began to mesmerize the sickly plants by means of mesmerized water, as well as directly, while the other plant was watered with common water only.

At the end of a fortnight, M. Seydel saw with satisfaction that the formerly drooping nightshade had grown to the height of eighteen inches, while the other was only ten inches high; the root of the former was found to be four inches long, while that of the latter was only two inches. Lastly, the flowers of the nightshade, which had not been mesmerized, were far from being as numerous, and having as fine a color as those of the plant which had been so treated. Another instance of the effect of mesmerism on plants, is of two geraniums, one of which was withered, and had never more than one single leaf, which was no sooner formed than it faded and fell off, while the other plant was constantly green and vigorous. The withering plant was mesmerized, and after a few days it had several leaves, and moreover, it produced flowers sooner than the other, which had not been sickly.

A Spiritual Marriage.—The Boston Traveller tells the story of the marriage of a dentist of that city with a lady medium, his wonderful matrimonial experiences and the ultimate dissolution of that affinity, after 18 months. The dentist was introduced, some two years ago, to a lady whose husband had deserted her and gone to Kansas, since which she had taken up the profession of spiritual mediumship. She was fair and attractive, and admiration of her spiritual gifts, combined with her personal charms to captivate the bachelor's heart. Beside the spirits told them they were made for each other, and they were willingly obedient to the heavenly vision. They were married, but the honeymoon had hardly began when the wife became subject to strange trances, during which she would pull her husband's hair, scratch him and otherwise violently belabor him, most commonly when he was in bed and exposed and defenceless. When she was aroused from the trance she was full of regrets at what had happened. At the bidding of the spirits he took her with him to Texas, where he proclaimed him an Abolitionist, and he narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the mob. When they got back, the spiritual persecutions continuing, and the poor husband finding that his sufferings of mind, body and estate were greater than he could bear, suggested a separation, and obtained it by paying handsomely. After the separation the woman confessed that she had imposed upon him throughout that her trances were feigned, that she beat and scratched him because she wanted it, and that all the spiritual messages he had received were of her own manufacture.

A Cannon-ical Miracle.—The New Orleans (Louisiana) bulletin states that, a few days ago, a young deaf and dumb man, who had been in that condition for three years past, was serving in the St. Louis Cathedral, when the report of a cannon, which was firing a salute, restored something in his ears and breast, instantly restoring his speech and hearing.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Magic Soiree.

Paris, Dec. 22, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Alas for the brilliant expectations so confidently expressed at the close of my last week's letter! *Naive* indeed does that expression now appear to have been, and premature those expectations; and yet, so large were the promises made, and so certain the tone of announcement in which the invitation then alluded to had been given, that a less sanguine individual than your Correspondent might well have been misled thereby. But to the facts of the case.

As stated at the conclusion of the letter referred to, I, in common with several persons of my acquaintance, and many others not known to me, were invited, last week, by the renowned "mediums," Baron Guldenstubbe and his sister—mentioned in a late letter—to assist at a "magic soiree," to be given at their house, on the following Friday evening, which evening as we were all expressly informed, had been chosen on account of the "magical" importance and virtues peculiar to Fridays. The feats of "magic" were to be shown us by Prince Scharoffskoy; a member of one of the greatest houses of Russia, and recognized by adepts in magic as the greatest practitioner of the occult art of the present day. Having, as I fondly imagined, ascertained that the Baron really meant something different from table-turning and its various collateral developments, that there was to be no "sitting in circles," and so forth,—a mode of wasting an evening which is by no means to the taste of your Correspondent—but that, on the contrary, the Prince had promised to give an exhibition of something very different, in fact of the wonders of which one hears so much, and sees so little, but which so many intelligent people affirm that they have witnessed as the result of the various formulas known only to the initiated in the ancient science so long known as *magic*, I accepted the invitation, supposing that we really should see some curious things, no matter by what agency these things should be produced, and anxious to give the readers of The Post the benefit of the experience. A number of my friends accepted the Baron's invitation in a similar spirit.

Among the latter was the incredulous Count de T——— whose exploit in getting up a ghost-scene in the cellar of a friend, as a supplement to an unsuccessful experiment of clairvoyance that was being got up in the parlor, was duly narrated in one of my former letters. Count de T——— is so thoroughly skeptical on all such matters, that he looked for nothing more or less than a blank; his wife, however, was more hopeful; and being kept at home by an attack of *grippe*, volunteered the services of her husband as my cavalier, in order that she might have the pleasure of hearing his report of the evening's proceedings.

Accordingly, as soon as dinner was over, off we set on our long journey to the opposite extremity of the city, having had great difficulty in getting a cab, the cold being intense, the ground covered with snow, and several grand balls given that evening having absorbed the services, apparently, of all the cabs in the neighborhood. After some trouble a cab had, however, been procured; and we had started for the Boulevard de l'Etoile, honored by the residence of the Livonian "mediums." But the predestined troubles of that unlucky evening were not long in overtaking us. The cabman, from the time he had us safe in his vehicle, persisted in a series of naps, during which, as we had to go along a number of dreary and nearly deserted avenues, the horse could comfortably wander to the right or to the left, without his master's slumbers being disturbed by the indignant remonstrances of the drivers whose vehicles ours would have run into, had the streets been less deserted. Every five minutes the Count, whose facilities for getting attacks of neuralgia are much greater than his patience, was obliged to put out his head and rouse our Jehu from his dreams; the latter, of course, relapsing into dream-land as soon as the Count had exhausted his rhetoric, and drawn his head again under shelter. Thus did we slowly journey on, and were just beginning to fear that, if anything were really going forward at the Baron's, we should arrive too late to see it, when down went the body of the cab, with a sudden jerk—happily somewhat softened by the snow on which it alighted—and we found ourselves brought to a stand still.

The Count threw open the door just in time to catch sight of the hind wheel of our chariot, which gambolled pleasantly past us to a short distance in our van, when it rolled quietly down, and rested flat upon the snow. Assisted by my companion, I lost no time in emerging from the vehicle thus unexpectedly brought to a position of immobility, and away we started through the snow towards the nearest cab-stand, while the cabman, now roused to wakefulness, was getting his French together to demand a payment which he knew very well he had no right to exact, and which we of course declined bestowing.

Consoling ourselves under this mishap with the reflection that we were lucky in escaping with no bones broken, and that it was but natural that adventures should happen on a "magic evening," we trudged on through the snow for about half a mile, when we luckily found an unoccupied cab, having been passed by numbers of others, but all full, and half an hour afterwards we alighted at the door of the house whose second story is the abode of the tall, thin Baron, and the little, dwarfish sister, just as thin, and ten times more elfish.

Having divested ourselves of our wraps, we were ushered into the parlor, where a numerous company, as expectant as ourselves, were disposing of tea and cakes, while impatiently awaiting the arrival of the magician. Somehow or other, all those whom I knew had begun to wish they had stayed at home, as the cups of tea had been circulating for over an hour without any intermission; and our hosts delicately interrogated as to the probable arrival of the magician, had admitted that his coming was by no means certain, and that, if he came at all, he would scarcely be there before ten or eleven o'clock; anything than a pleasant prospect to those who had to cross the entire breadth of the town before regaining their domiciles, on that bitter, blowing night, when the breath froze on the ladies veils, just as I have seen it do in Vermont.

However, there we were; and though the Count persisted in going from one to another distributing, *sotto voce*, quizzings of the "gullibility" that had brought us together, we were still reluctant to believe that we had really been taken in, though the Baron and his sister, who are as benevolent people as exist, and most perfectly in earnest as to the marvellous gifts they believe themselves to possess, are so thoroughly the victims of their own "fixed ideas," that they might evidently have been speaking altogether "without book," in promising us a sight of the Prince and his marvels. We therefore turned a deaf ear to the Count's disinterested advice to be satisfied with the loss of time already incurred, and to take our departure without farther delay; and determined to remain a little longer, in the faint hope that perhaps the Prince would turn up after all, and repay us for our troublesome pilgrimages through the snow and the wind. But the hopes of even the most confident began to decline still farther, when we began to discover that "magic," in the vocabulary of our hosts, meant nothing more than the "phenomena" incident to the beliefs and experiences of the partisans of the ordinary "spiritual" doings.

A quarter to ten; ten; a quarter past; and Count de T———'s reiterated counsels to all whom he knew there, were about to be followed by the latter, in a corporate departure, and the Count himself, who had taken a long journey that day by rail, and was desperately anxious to get home to bed, was just rejoicing in the success of his efforts, when a ring was heard at the bell, and our hosts hurrying from the room, speedily returned, followed by a tall, large, handsome, but most plump and un-"spiritual"-looking personage, with large blue eyes, an intelligent face, the gold cross of St. Andrew on his breast, and an irreproachable hat in hand, who was at once announced as Prince Scharoffskoy.

But the sensation excited by his arrival was soon damped by the Prince's unconscious air. He took tea, talked with those he knew already, and with those to whom he was introduced, but seemed perfectly unsuspicious of the interest with which we had been awaiting his arrival. He talked of the cold, which seemed to remind him agreeably of Russia, of the amusements and charms of Paris, of his wife who was spending the winter in Jerusalem, of the constant growth of Russian dominion in the East, of the relinquishment of former designs on India, and the absolute certainty of Russia's getting hold of China, a matter which he declares to be a mere question of time, but not one word of the subject about which we were all dying to hear! Evidently he had come there, as we had done, because invited; and as evidently, with no more idea of "showing off" magic, or anything else, than we had. General consternation followed this discovery; but a few of the most sanguine began to remind our hosts, in whispers, of what they had said of the magical powers of the new guest, and entreat them to induce him to bestow on us some specimens of his skill. But what was our disgust, at seeing that this prayer, instead of being followed by a request to clear the middle of the floor, so as to leave room for the Prince to make the magic circle, which, as every tyro knows, is the first thing a magician has to do when preparing to give the world a sample of his art—was followed by a general invitation to the company to place themselves round a table, and form a circle for the purpose of "getting communications!"

The Count, and two or three other strong-minded husbands, who had only been tormented into coming by their "better halves," were in ecstacies of triumph at the blank disappointment of the latter. But what was to be done? We had been begging for "magic;" and now we were getting it, with a vengeance, in the form of the very species of time-wasting that these strongminded victims had prophesied all along, but which we, the imprudently hopeful ones, had so stoutly refused to accept as of possible occurrence on this occasion.

Common civility, however, required us to swallow our disappointment, and sacrifice another half hour in looking on while the few adepts in the art of table-rapping formed a "circle" round the mahogany. But not even raps could be got out of the obstinate wood that night; and the party at length broke up without even the satisfaction of hearing a few inexplicable taps.

Mlle Guldenstubbe, it is true, took a pencil, and "was impelled" to scribble a few sentences of incoherent and nearly illegible trash; but, though she declared this writing to be independent of her volition, there was nothing to give one the slightest conviction of such being the case.

Baron Guldenstubbe has now a "European reputation" (among the partisans of the new faith) for the "spirit-writings" which he obtains on bits of blank paper *without the aid of pencil or any other chirographic implement*, leaving the folded bits of blank paper in his pocket, on tombs, under statues, in boxes and drawers, and finding them, an hour or two afterwards, covered with writing and cabalistic signs. Of course, we all felt that, if no magic were to be had, our disappointment in that respect would be somewhat alleviated, could we only witness the production of a sample of this wonderful writing; but though we entreated the Baron, as urgently as politeness would allow, to favor us with the sight of this marvellous writing, we were only met with an invitation to come there some morning, and inspect the collection of spirit autographs contained in the Baron's numerous portfolios, these same portfolios being kept up stairs in some special room rented by him for the express purpose of storing away these precious productions.

Such was the result of the "*soiree magique*" to which we had been invited with such a flourish of trumpets. Whether the use made of the Prince's name was entirely unauthorized, whether he does or does not pretend to skill in the occult sciences, or whether, being evidently a very intelligent man, he perceived that the company contained too large a sprinkling of skeptics to warrant his making any attempt to hocus-pocus, are questions I am quite unable to answer. But I do not mind confessing—in strict confidence—that all the individuals who quitted the Baron's saloon that Friday evening a little before midnight (with the exception, perhaps, of the "adepts," who console themselves under such a failure by talking of the wonderful things that they have seen at other times, and of the strong-minded husbands, who were piteously triumphant at the fulfillment of their prophecies)—did certainly feel not a little sheepish and crest-fallen as they descended the staircase, and met the sharp irony of the wind that seemed to be enjoying the chance of driving home, to the very marrow of their bones, the conviction that they had allowed themselves to be made fools of in a way that would have been far less unseasonable at the beginning of April than in the middle of December. QUANTUM.

A RISEN SAVIOUR.

Jesus is risen! triumphal anthems sing;
Thus from dead winter mounts the sprightly spring;
Thus does the sun from night's black shades return,
And thus the single bird wings from the Arabian urn.
Jesus is risen! He shall the world restore!
Awake, ye dead! dull sinners, sleep no more!

—*Wesley*

☞ There cannot be a more infallible way to prove that we must be in the right than by maintaining soundly that every one else is in the wrong.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ We suppose that the man who, in the hour of danger, turns pale and makes his escape, may be said to come off with flying colors.

☞ There is nothing which hurts the moral tone of the mind more than doing things which go against our consciences, even in immaterial matters.

☞ A correspondent who signs herself "Sophia," says that woman is twice as good as man, and proves it thus by the very orthography—W-o-m-a-n—*double you, oh man!*

☞ A German writer observes there is such a scarcity of thieves they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

☞ One of that kind of people who think the President of the United States no better than any of the unwashed sovereigns, once commenced an appeal to him with, "Now, Squire, see here." To whom the President thus replied: "Mr. Hogge, a *few* of my old Pennsylvania friends *sometimes* call me 'Squire;' but no other persons." Mr. Hogge subsided.—*Sat. Press.*

☞ There is no less invention in aptly applying a thought found in a book, than in being the first author of the thought.—*Bayle.*

☞ A Mythological Definition.—According to the old mythology, Neptune, the sea god, created the horse, and was the patron of horse-races. *This probably accounts for the fact that people who patronize the race-course so frequently get "half seas over."*

☞ "Look," says Lord Chesterfield, "in the face of the person to whom you are speaking, if you wish to know his real sentiments, for he can command his words more easily than his countenance."

☞ It is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side than to an estate of ten thousand a year.

☞ A man may generally expect a domestic "breeze" when his wife begins to put on "airs."

☞ The Great Hydropathists—Milkmen.

☞ Cato, being scurrilously treated by a low and vicious fellow, said to him, "A contest between us is very unequal, for thou canst bear ill language with ease and return it with pleasure; and to me it is unusual to hear, and disagreeable to speak it."

☞ A well meaning but intemperate divine, whose furious denunciations of the shortcomings of his flock justly laid him open to the commentary passed on Charles Fox, that though he knew how to hit the right nail on the head, he generally hit it till he split his work, was once impelled to ask one of his congregation what he thought of his philippics. "Sir," said his friend, "I think that good advice is like brandy and water; a capital thing in its way, *but nobody likes to swallow it scalding hot.*"

☞ This world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.

☞ When the Duchess of Buckingham found herself dying, she sent for Anstis, the herald, and settled all the pomp of her funeral ceremony. She was afraid of dying before the preparations were ready. "Why," she asked, "won't they send the canopy for me to see it? Let them send it, even though the tassels are not finished."

☞ Talleyrand, when he was asked what he thought of Democracy, replied that it was an aristocracy of blackguards.

☞ "First class in natural philosophy stand up. What's attraction?" "Please, sir, I know. The look that a blue-eyed gal gives to her lover." "Right, sir. Now tell me what inertia is." "Inertia, sir, is a desire to remain where you are; a feeling a piece of calico experiences when leaning against a colored velvet vest." "Right again, sir. Call the next class, do you hear?"

☞ Is Sleepy Hollow a Yawning gulf, or merely a Gape in the mountain?—*Vanity Fair.*

The intelligible forms of ancient poets.
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power, the beauty, and the majesty
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths: all these have vanished—
They live no longer in the faith of reason.

—*Coleridge.*

☞ If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?—*Horace Ballou.*

☞ My name is Somerset. I am a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how could I hope to prevail on any young lady, possessed of the slightest delicacy, to *turn a Somerset.*

☞ Prentice thinks the horse that is generally the most expensive to the owner, and ambles with him into most difficulties, is his hobby horse.

☞ Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell us?

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.

FALL OF THE PEMBERTON MILLS.

One of the most dreadful calamities that ever occurred in America, has just spread horror and gloom through the community. At five o'clock on the evening of Jan. 10th, the Pemberton Mills at Lawrence, Mass., suddenly fell, burying about six hundred people, a large number of them women, in the ruins. Two acres of ground were covered with the wreck of the building. Of course the whole town rushed to the scene of disaster, and in a short time, thousands of people were working by the light of huge bonfires, to extricate the sufferers. To add to the horror of the event, a fire broke out about nine o'clock in the ruins, and, though every effort was made to extinguish it, by twelve the whole mass was in a sheet of flame, from which rang the shrieks of the wretched victims whom no human power could save.

It is, however, some consolation to know that a large proportion of those buried in the ruins, escaped, strange to say, without injury. The latest accounts number the dead at ninety-nine—most of them young girls—many of them the sole support of their families. The missing number one hundred and seven, making with the dead, a total of two hundred and six. The badly wounded number one hundred and nine, and some of these, it is thought, will die. The slightly wounded are one hundred and ninety-nine.

Before the building caught fire, those imprisoned beneath the ruins could be seen and conversed with. Drinks and refreshments were in some instances passed to them. When the fire spread over the ruins and they found escape hopeless, they bade adieu to their friends, and in several cases gave directions as to the disposition of their bodies.

In one part of the building a hole was battered through the wall, and through it could be seen three young women, who said they were not at all injured. One of them thrust her arm through the small aperture and begged to be drawn through it; but before the hole could be made large enough, the flames drove the men away, and the prisoners perished.

An engine man took out a young girl from the ruins in a perfectly nude state, yet, strange to say, with hardly a scratch on her person. He wrapped her in his overcoat and carried her home, when, with great presence of mind, she besought him to return to the sufferers in the ruins.

Miss Olive Bridges, of Calais, Maine, who worked in the fifth story, seized the hoisting chain of the elevator, went safely down five stories, and nobly assisted in helping her wounded comrades in suffering at the City Hall.

Mr. Adams, an overseer, being in the basement, was overtaken by the falling fragments while attempting to escape, and was wedged between the timbers. A saw was passed to him through the ruins, and he sawed until the nails prevented his going any further. An axe was then handed to him, and he got himself out not very seriously injured.

A boy in the factory was in the upper story when the crash came. He went to the bottom of the ruins with the falling mass, and walked out unhurt.

A girl working in the upper room, felt the giving way of the wall, and held to her loom. She was also carried to the basement, her clothes nearly all torn off, *and yet she escaped unhurt. The instances of these miraculous escapes are numerous and almost incredible.*

Margaret Hamilton, aged 14, was taken from the ruins and carried to the hospital. *This was her first day's work at the mills.* Her devoted mother attended her, and when she asked what injuries her daughter had received, the latter replied, "My arm is broken, mother." "And her head is broken, and oh! my Lord," and here the poor woman burst into tears, "my poor darling is all broken." The unfortunate girl died the next day. She was the main support of her mother and four children.

Perhaps one of the saddest episodes of the whole calamity was the fate of Mr. Maurice Palmer, who was an overseer in the mill. In the fall he was so embedded in the ruins, that he could not be extricated before the fire, and seeing the dreadful element approaching him, he, in his agony and despair, determined not to be roasted to death, and so drew his pocket-knife and cut his throat. He was, however, taken out alive, and would have survived but for the self inflicted injury.

One Irishman was taken out quite unhurt, and his first act was to feel in his pocket, from whence he drew forth a sooty "dudeen" and seizing a brand from the fire, he lit his pipe and went his way.

A young girl was released just before the flames burst forth, and in answer to a question stated that she was unhurt. It afterwards appeared that her right arm was badly broken near the wrist, but in the excitement of the moment and in the joy of a deliverance from a dreadful death, she had not noticed the hurt.

One woman was found with her head jammed between two heavy beams, and pressed so that it was not thicker than the thickness of a hand. It was a sickening sight.

A girl was rescued with one of her ankles burnt to a crisp. She had been confined by one foot between two heavy beams, and only by the utmost exertion was she recovered.

In one place the bodies of three girls were found locked in each other's arms, but quite dead. They could not be removed without mangling the bodies, and being abandoned for a time, the flames broke out before another attempt was made, and all three perished.

At one point when a rope had been fixed to a projecting timber, a call was made to the crowd to take hold and pull with a will, but for a few minutes such was the danger of the attempt—the call was unheeded. At this critical juncture a woman rushed from among the crowd, and daring the spectators to follow, seized the rope and attempted to mount the pile of smouldering ruins, to clear a way with her hands. The example was enough; not a word was said; but there was no lack of hands to the rope, the beam was drawn out, and at least two sufferers released from the opening thus made.

Besides those thus saved, a large number of operatives, mostly males, who were in the weaving room, which is in the lower story, managed to escape by crawling up from that room through a couple of low windows which were not obstructed.

Mr. A. B. Wilne was in the fifth story when he felt the shaking of the building. He expected to be instantly killed, but went down with the falling mass to the first floor, and walked out of the ruins unharmed. He was oblige to tear away some timbers to get out, which he was enabled to do by his powerful exertions—the wounded and imprisoned in the vicinity beseeching him not to move anything for fear the rubbish would crush them.

Mr. N. F. H. Melvin, an alderman of this city, went in under the ruins, beneath the projecting roof, about two rods on his hands and knees, and found a man wedged between two looms, and a large shaft lying on his back. He procured a monkey wrench, and, by taking the loom apart, extricated the man, who went on his way rejoicing. He proceeded to the next loft, and saw one Perkins trying to get out, but was unable to do so, being wedged between two plank frames laid across his hips. Mr. Melvin could not find an axe nearer than at his home; but ran thither quickly, and on returning, released the man by cutting the plank. He continued working in the ruins, although suffering from an injured eye.

There are various conjectures among factory managers in regard to the cause of the frightful accident. Some persons suppose that the foundation was undermined by the water during the recent cold term. The sandy nature of the soil is one reason for this belief. While the mill was regarded as a fine one, its strength was called in question some years ago, and iron trusses were placed throughout the building, which it was thought would render it secure.

The spinning rooms were high studded, long and narrow, without partitions, and crowded with looms. It is supposed the strength of the mill has been very severely tried by the recent introduction of heavy fancy looms.

The edifice which was destroyed was an immense brick building, running along two streets, the wings forming an angle somewhat like the letter L. On the inner space, between the wings, were detached buildings connected with the works.

The building was 5 stories high, 280 feet long and 75 feet wide, with a wing 45 feet square. It contained 2,700 spindles.

The Pemberton Mills cost originally between $700,000 and $800,000, and were owned by a stock company. Several years ago the company failed, and the mills were bought at auction by their present owners, three or four persons, who carried it on as a partnership concern.

The firm has been quite prosperous, and has done a very large business, having connections with all sections of the country. At the time of the disaster they had over 700 looms at work, running full time. The principal fabrics of their manufacture were cottonades, shirting stripes, ticking, Canton flannels, &c. Their loss is estimated at $600,000.

They produced over $1,000,000 of goods—perhaps $1,500,000—per annum, a considerable proportion of which was sold at their agencies in this and other cities, on commission. The superintendent was Mr. David Nevins.

Lawrence is entirely a manufacturing town, and is mainly laid out between the Merrimack and Spicket rivers. Its 20,000 inhabitants are united by the peculiar bond of sympathy existing between individuals engaged in almost the same branches of industry, and words can give only a faint and feeble impression of the horror, the suffering and the despair which have been called forth among the men and women of that stricken city.

The sympathy for the sufferers by the Lawrence massacre is all pervading, and in Boston assumes an active form. The private subscriptions for their relief in that city already reach $20,000.

Union Banquet to Hon. Balie Peyton.—A Banquet to Hon. Balie Peyton, of Tenn., formerly Whig member of Congress, was given in this city on Saturday evening. The invitation was signed by Henry C. Carey, Mayor Henry, Morton McMichael, J. R. Ingersoll, &c. The design is supposed to be to form a new opposition party. Speeches were made by Mr. Peyton, Senator Crittenden, Gilmer, of N. C., Conrad, of La., Campbell, of Pa., and Nelson and Maynard, of Tenn. The latter gentleman made an ultra speech, denouncing the Republican party in strong terms. He said that, in the event of the election of a Republican President, there would be no revenue collected in any of the Southern States, and that they would not submit to be governed by that party. These sentiments were received by numerous hisses from many gentlemen present, while others applauded vociferously, and for a short time much confusion and noise prevailed. The gentleman having concluded his speech, *Mr. McMichael* rose and stated that he agreed with all that had been uttered by Mr. Peyton, and with most that had been said by the other speakers. But he felt compelled to express his dissent from the sentiments uttered by the gentleman who had last addressed the meeting. [Cheers and hisses.] He yielded to no man in devotion to the Union, *and did not believe that it would be dissolved because a* majority of the people should choose to elect a certain man for President. At this time a number of gentlemen were much excited, and some angry discussions arose between small parties taking opposite views of the question, during which the proceedings closed, about half-past eleven o'clock.

The tickets were eight dollars each, and three hundred and seventy-eight persons sat down to the tables.

Louis Napoleon Backing Out.—We have news from Europe one day later, by the arrival at Portland of the steamship Hungarian. There are symptoms of the Emperor backing out of the position assumed in the late pamphlet.—A telegram from Prince Metternich to Count Rechberg says that Count Walewski declares to the diplomatic corps at Paris that while he remains at the head of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the Congress" should not be considered the programme of the French Ministry. The Paris Pays contains an article signed M. de Cassagnac, which says that the pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the Congress" has been wrongly interpreted by the newspapers. He says that the pamphlet does not propose to deprive the Pope of the Legations, but only advises him to submit to the present state of things, and proclaims the necessity of maintaining the temporal power of the Pope. M. de C. adds: "The pamphlet confines itself to announcing an opinion, while the Congress alone will decide; and ever after that the Church will remain full and entire."

The London Times on Harper's Ferry.—The London Times, in a recent leader on slavery in the United States, and the revulsion in favor of the Southern States, caused, as it says, by the vagaries of the abolitionists, says the union of the American people is not only of importance to themselves, but to the world at large. It has been fully proved, not only on the American continent, but in our own colonies, that the enforced equality of the European and African tends not to the elevation of the black, but to the degradation of the white man. We cannot find any sympathy for those who would try in the United States the plan of a half-caste Republic, and we trust that the Federal Government and the right-thinking part of the community will protect the South from repetition of such outrages as that at Harper's Ferry.

Went Skating.—In Stratford, Conn., a few days since, a poor man, on returning from his work, found the doors of his house all open, and three little children almost frozen. It seems that his wife had taken three dollars, which he had saved to buy a pig with, and been to Bridgeport to buy a pair of ladies' skates, and was skating on a pond near by.

☞ Thought He Got Enough Here Below.—A minister noted for combining the somewhat incongruous professions of preacher and money-lender, was making a prayer, in which was the following petition—"Grant that we may have more interest in Heaven!" "Don't do it!" exclaimed one of the congregation, "don't do it! The old sinner gets five per cent. a month now; and that's enough."

☞ The following direction appeared on a letter recently delivered in Auckland, Durham, England:—"For Elizabeth Jane Spencer, a tall woman with two little boys."

☞ In corrupt times, pretension, display, ostentation, assumption, and pride, become so universal, that men are almost forced, in self-defence, to become vain-glorious and boasters. If all men stood on *tiptoe*, he who insisted upon standing naturally upon his feet would seem to be degraded below his proper level!

A TERRIBLE DAY IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

To appreciate the incident I am about to relate, you must know my friend. He is the most bashful of men, and he stutters: under the influence of excitement he can hardly speak. Afflicted by a sense of shame, he would fain be dead and buried. To such men life may be a daily tragedy. My friend also is liable to misfortune; so that, with a light heart, and a great capacity for enjoyment, he is usually as miserable as any Maulchean would desire. I seldom meet him but he has some dire calamity to communicate to me. And, as if by fatality, it is of a kind that reddens the cheeks of a bashful man. I might tell you many extraordinary adventures that have befallen him. This was his last.

My friend, you must know—we will call him Harry Saxon—is a very amiable amateur-cricketer, out of his bank. He will take the train at six o'clock in the morning to be down a hundred miles north or west, to a match. On the occasion which led him to his disaster he had journeyed north, and played his game with success and satisfaction. But the next morning he had to be in town in time for the first official hour at his bank, so he made short work of it over night, and escaped to bed at half-past one A. M.; breakfasted hastily at half-past five, and hurried to the station as quick as he could, arriving there twenty minutes too early, which cooled him; so much so that, when he entered the carriage, he bethought him that he had on his light cricketing trowsers, and might as well—since he had a warm pair, and was alone in the carriage—change them and comfort his limbs. He remembered also that he could not appear at his bank in light flannels. I hope no one will see any harm in that resolve. If the British public should suggest that there were modest cows in the pasturages he was flying by, and young corruptible heifers, I have only to remark that Mr. Saxon was much above their level. As it was day, moreover, he could, not offend the moon. Of course I share the popular belief that we were born in trowsers, and never get out of them. I would merely observe that the case of Mr. Saxon was an exception to the rigid rule. Besides, since he was only relinquishing one pair to assume another, the offence, however grievous, was but momentary, you will admit. Had he done all the honors to the renowned modesty of this Island, he would have drawn the second pair over the first. I can only excuse his not doing this by the declaration that he did not think of it, and absolutely saw no harm in what he was doing. So far, then, we will exonerate him. Unfortunately the thought of a change had not struck him till he had shot ahead some miles. And, again, very unfortunately, as we say when he would cite instances clearly fated, *the young gentleman* took off his tight flannels before he opened his carpet-bag to disengage his thick tweeds. Mr. Saxon is of somewhat hasty temperament, slow to conceive—quick to execute; a fine quality which occasionally leads to trouble; for while he was unstrapping his bag the train insensibly slackened speed, and suddenly stopped. On perceiving this alarming fact, Mr. Saxon pulled at the straps with tremendous vigor a second or so, and then looked out of the window with a face outwardly as composed as any ordinary traveller, with no burden on his mind and with clothing to his legs, may wear. What the feelings of a bashful man so placed must have been I need not tell you. Analysis, if we wished to defend him before a jury of prudes, might be justifiable; but you will not require it. Mr. Saxon's heart gave a bound. There was a lady addressing the guard, who pointed down in the direction of Mr. Saxon's head, and led her swiftly on. Mr. Saxon made a final effort to array himself in one or the other pair, gave it despairingly up, and thought it best to block the window and look extremely uninviting. He could not believe that his fortune could be so cruel as to send this lady straight to him at a time when, without wishing to be uncourteous, he profoundly devoted her to Jericho. He was forgetful of his experience. Some men have a great hoard of experience, and only see it by the lurid light of new distresses. Now, Mr. Saxon should no doubt have spoken and warned the lady off. He stuttered, I have told you. He did speak, but he was unintelligible. The guard wrenched at the door. Mr. Saxon had just time to hide his nether-failings under a railway rug, which he had providentially with him, when the door opened, and the lady became his companion. The train whistled blithely, and off they went.

Now, my friend Harry Saxon tells me he considers it a curious thing that the lady, after a little while, began to regard him with something like astonishment. But the fact does not surprise me, who know him. Nervousness is a part of bashfulness; and, affected by nervousness, we are apt, without knowing it, to grimace strangely. To speak metaphysically, and with enlightened obscurity, we think of ourselves to such an excess that we grow oblivious of our actions. I dare say you all understand.

"M—adam!" said Harry, after several impotent efforts.

The lady replied, "Sir," or "Yes." He chronicles it exactly, but I forget.

"Ha—ha—*are* you going the whole way to T——— Town?" said Harry, gasping and holding on his rug with both hands.

"No, sir," said the lady, haughtily, coldly, and shortly.

"What a blessing!" thought Harry, sinking back.

The lady opened a book.

At the next station, Harry looked at her imploringly. She would not go. Perhaps, thought Harry, she's going on to the last station but one! There he was sure the carriage would be filled.

He begged politely of her to tell him when she intended to quit the train.

"Really?" said the lady; "may I inquire, sir, why you are so anxious to know?"

"Not at all," said Harry, speaking as enigmatically as he looked.

The lady resumed her reading. An old gentleman, with two young ladies, now entered the carriage. Harry tightened and compressed the rug, and sat glaring at them.

"At all events," thought Harry, "they can't make me move." This consolatory notion had hardly whispered its barren comfort to him, when a slight shock was felt. He saved himself from going into the old gentleman's arms. Happily, the ladies were too much alarmed to notice his excessive discomposure.

"What's the matter?" said the old gentleman.

The train had come to a stand.

"Oh! what is it?" cried all the ladies.

"Stop a minute, my dears," said the old gentleman. "Don't be alarmed. Perhaps one of us had better get out and speak to the guard."

"Oh, papa, you shall not go!" exclaimed the young ladies; and the one who was alone exclaimed,

"Perhaps we shall be safer out than in."

The young ladies reiterated that their papa should not go. A common eye was directed to Harry, who sat, with a fiery face, trying to appear fectly unconscious.

"Well, if I mayn't go," said the old gentleman, "perhaps this gentleman will?"

Here was a direct appeal. Harry pretended not to hear.

"Oh! it must be something dreadful!" cried the ladies.

"Will you oblige us, sir!" said the solitary lady, "by getting out and speaking to the guard!"

She addressed poor Harry.

Mr. Saxon grimaced horribly. "I should be h—happy," he began.

"Just ask him if there's any apprehension of danger," said the old gentleman, thinking that he spoke in the assenting tense.

"I k—I k—can't!" says Harry.

The ladies regarded him with wonder. All Harry's hopes were that they would get out, and leave him. Danger, ruin, dreadful smashes, he was indifferent to; anything was better than his present torment.

"Can't speak, sir?" said the old gentleman.

"Can't m—move," says Harry.

"No legs—eh? Dear me?" the old gentleman observed. And yet the rug displayed a pair in outline. "Paralysis—lower limbs? Dear me!"

Several people were out of the train by this time. The old gentleman and all the ladies got out, too. Word was passed that there was a general order to evacuate the carriages.

Harry heard the old gentleman say. "We mustn't leave that poor fellow. We must help him out."

Meantime he was at his carpet-bag again. One clear minute to himself, and Harry would be a man. He cared not to risk his life for one clear minute to himself. Before a quarter of the time had expired, and while the garments dangled unfilled, the old gentleman opened the door, and informed Harry that he was prepared to help him out. There also stood the ladies, looking most charitably.

"Do p—lease shut the door," cried Harry.

"Come, sir," said the old gentleman, "you must come out. Give me your arm."

"I k—can't, I tell you," says Harry.

"But I will help you, sir," said the old gentleman.

"I won't!" says Harry.

"You must be mad, sir, you must be stark mad," said the old gentleman.

Pushed to extremity, Harry answered, "So I am."

"Then you must be dragged out, sir, dragged out by force, main force, sir. Guard!" shouted the old gentleman.

The guard came up, but only to say it was a false alarm. The train had shaken off one of the carriages, and turned a few sheep into mutton—all was right now, and everybody was to step in.

Off they went once more.

It is really cruel to dwell on Mr. Saxon's miseries, and the incidents which were perpetually aggravating them and driving him to frenzies of distraction. At one place a lady entered, who could not ride with her back to the engine. He was positively—being the only gentleman facing it—asked to favor her by changing seats; and, gallant by nature, courteous, obliging, he had to stutter a downright refusal. But realize his position, and I think you will admit that, for a bashful man, Mr. Harry Saxon endured four hours of mortal misery that it would be hard to match. Excessive civilization, you see, has its troubles. It may seem rather unkind to leave him in the state I have left him in. I will justify this artistic stroke, by assuring you that Mr. Saxon is, I have no doubt whatever, at the moment I speak to you, perfectly prepared to make his bow in the most exquisite society.

We way add our impression that Harry, in his trouble, should have made a confidante of the first lady. Women, in such cases, when appealed to, are, as a body, considerate, and not wanting in gentle excuses. She would have looked out of the other window, and all would have been over in a trice.

ADVICE TO THE STAGE-STRUCK.—To an ingenuous youth who may be now meditating a plunge into that uncertain, or rather *certain*, "sea of troubles," that shines and glitters in the seductive dazzle of the foot-lights—to such a one I say:—Go to sea, in reality; go to law, go to church, go to physic; go to Italy and strike a blow for liberty (if cause and opportunity again offer); go to anything or anywhere that will give you an honest and decent livelihood rather than go upon the stage! To any young lady with a similar proclivity I would say:—Buy a sewing-machine, and take in plain work, first! So shall you save yourself much sorrow, bitter disappointment, secret tears.—*Leaves from an Actor's Note Book.*

☞ A rapid and emphatic recital of the following is said by a provincial paper to be an infallible cure for lisping:—"Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobs with Snobbs and robs Nobbs's fobs. That is, says Nobbs, the worst for Hobbs's jobs and Snobbs's sobs.

☞ A cynical Frenchman once said there are two parties to a love affair—the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

☞ An active and faithful memory doubles life; for it brings a man again upon its stage with all those who have made their exits.

Fast through the sombre pine forests I flash,
Pounding the track with monotonous crash;
Lighting the gloom with a comet-like glare,
Thrilling with noises unearthly the air:
Startling the turkey and coon from their sleep—
Mighty with motion resistless I sweep.
Bong! bong!
Smashing along!
I lighten my road with a bit of a song!

Oh! I can sing, though of iron my throat,
And discordant my wild supernatural note!
And the song that I sing is of danger and dread,
The midnight collision, the quivering dead!
The power imperial that nothing can stay;
The myriad of perils that lurk by the way.
Bong! bong!
Crashing along!
I shorten the road with a bit of a song!

Ho! there, old stoker, who think you control
This iron-ribbed animal, body and soul!
Why, one pant of my lungs, and one heave of my flank
Would flash you down yonder precipitous bank;
So don't be too proud of your muscle and bones—
For sixty feet down, there are horrible stones!
Ding! dong!
Bumping along!
Don't think that I'm singing your funeral song!

For I know that behind me I carry a treasure,
And it thrills through my nerves with a singular pleasure;
There the bride by her newly-wed husband reposes,
And the bronze of his cheek is faint flushed by her roses;
And the pale [illegible] bosom,
Like a lily that just has unfolded a blossom.
Bong! bong!
Gently along!
Soft as the winds of the Summer my song.

But hang all this sentiment! I am a steed
That lives on the wild inspiration of speed;
I feed upon distance, I grapple with space,
My soul is a furnace—my life is a race;
The long prairie shakes with my thunderous tread,
And my dissonance curdles the air overhead;
Bong! bong!
Madly along
The mountains I split with reverberant song!

Yet sometimes I think, when I'm housed for the night,
I may live to behold the decay of my might;
For not far from my stable I often behold
A decrepid old Loco, once gallant and bold;
Now his piston is gouty, his boiler is "bust,"
And the gold of his harness is eaten with rust.
Ding! dong!
Rotting so long,
With never a mouthful of coals, nor a song!

Oh! better to die in the hour of my pride,
Far better to perish in tunnel or tide!—
Ha! what red light is this that's advancing amain?
'Tis my rival returning—the haughty down train!
Clear the track! I'm upon ye! Hurrah! what a smash!
There, old fellow, I think I have settled your hash—
Bong! bong!
Slowly along!
I'm rather too crippled to finish my song!

—*Vermont Voice.*

SELF RELIANCE.—There is a famous speech recorded by an old Norseman, thoroughly characteristic of the Teuton "I believe neither in idols nor demons," said he, "I put my sole trust in my own strength of body and soul." The ancient crest of a pickaxe with the motto of "Either I will find a way or make one," was an expression of the same sturdy independence and practical materialism, which to this day distinguishes the descendants of the Northmen. Indeed nothing could be more characteristic of the Scandinavian mythology than that it had a god with a hammer. A man's character is seen in small matters; and from even so light a test as the mode in which a man wields a hammer, his energy may in some measure be inferred. Thus an eminent Frenchman hit off in a single phrase the characteristic quality of the inhabitants of a particular district, in which a friend of his proposed to settle and buy land. "Beware," said he, "of making a purchase there; I know the men of that department: the pupils who come from it to our veterinary school at Paris do not strike hard upon the anvil; they want energy; and you will not get a satisfactory return on any capital you may invest there." A fine and just appreciation of character, indicating the accurate and thoughtful observer; and strikingly illustrative of the fact that it is the energy of the individual men that gives strength to a State, and confers a value even upon the very soil which they cultivate. As the French proverb has it:—"Tant vaut l'homme, tant vaut sa terre."—"*Self Help,*" *by Smiles.*

DONKEY FEAST.—If horses are eaten, why not donkeys? The Greeks ate donkeys, and we must suppose they had their reasons for it. Has any modern stomach been courageous enough to try it? Yes, the experiment has at least been made once. Dr. John Beddoe, of Clifton, sends me the following statement:—"Several years ago, I entertained six or eight medical students at a dinner, at which the *piece de resistance* was nothing else than the hind leg of a donkey, which had been sacrificed to a physiological experiment. One or two of my guests were in the secret; to the rest I represented the meat to be part of a fawn. They all partook of it, and 'even asked for more.' In flavor and appearance it most resembled mutton, but though young, it was far from tender, and I did not care to repeat the experiment, to which I had been instigated partly by a passage in an Arabian tale, in which one of two gastronomic disputants, in reply to a commendation of a shoulder of lamb, is made to say, 'You know nothing; what say you to the neck of a young ass carefully roasted?'"—*Lewes' Physiology of Common Life.*

☞ Vaucanson invented for the performance of Marmontel's *Cleopatre* an asp, which fastened itself with a hiss on the bosom of the actress who played the principal character. On the first performance of the tragedy a jester, more struck by the hissing of the automaton than by the beauty of the tragedienne, exclaimed, "I am of the asp's opinion!"

THE SKY AN INDICATOR OF THE WEATHER.—The colors of the sky at particular times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, and a ruddy sunrise bad weather, but there are other tints which speak with equal clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow, wet; a neutral grey color constitutes a favorable sign in the evening, an unfavorable one in the morning. The clouds again are full of meaning in themselves. If their forms are soft, undefined, and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp, definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind or rain; while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

MARRIAGES OF BLOOD RELATIVES.—The Commonwealth of Massachusetts desired, a few years since, to ascertain the number of idiots in the State, with a view to arrangements for their welfare, as well as to establish the statistics of the case. The Legislature sent out a Commission of Inquiry; and the Report of that Commission lies before me. One passage (page 90) gives "the statistics of the seventeen families, the heads of which, being blood-relatives, inter-married," which he had occasion to inquire about in the discharge of his commission. Ninety-five children were the issue of these seventeen marriages. Of the ninety-five children, one was a dwarf, one was deaf, twelve others were scrofulous and puny, and forty-four were idiots. *Forty-four were idiots!* Nature speaks plainly enough here; and no considerations of sentiment, custom, or prejudice should drown her voice.—*Harriet Martineau.*

CURIOUS PROPERTY OF IRON.—In 1850, Mr. Marsh, an able chemist of the royal arsenal, England, discovered that it is invariable with iron which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains or an impalpable powder, to become red-hot, and ignite any substances with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact is of immense importance, as it may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty iron, brought in contact with a bale of cotton in a warehouse or on shipboard, may occasion extensive conflagration and the loss of many lives. The tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the French chemist, Lemary, as far back as 1670.

☞ A would-be-wit having fired off all his stale jokes without effect, at last exclaimed, "Why, you never laugh when I say a good thing." "Don't I?" retorted Jerrold: "only try me with one?"

☞ I grant brevity, where it is neither obscure nor defective, is very pleasing, even to the daintiest judgments.—*Hall.*

SUPERSTITION IN ABYSSINIA.—Mr. Pearce, in his "Residence in Abyssinia," says: "I cannot help adverting to a practice which is not unfrequent, but which might appear fabulous to any one who has not witnessed it. When a woman has had one, two or more children, and they have all died, she will, in hopes of saving the life of another just born, cut off a piece from the tip of the left ear, roll it up in a piece of bread, and swallow it; and others will keep one side of the head shaved until the child is grown up. For some time I was at a loss to conjecture the reason why a number of grown people of my acquaintance had one ear cut; and when told the truth, I could scarcely believe it until I went into the house of a neighbor, though contrary to the custom, purposely to see the operation. An old woman cut off the tip of the ear, and put it into a kind of victuals called *sherro*, when the mother of the infant opened her mouth to receive it, and swallowed it, pronouncing the words, "In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

MENTAL POWER OF THE BULL TERRIER.—A well-known black-and-tan terrier, which lately resided at Margate, and was named Prince, was accustomed to make his own purchases of biscuit as often as he could obtain the gift of a half-penny for that purpose. On several occasions the baker whom he honored with his custom thought to put him off by giving him a burnt biscuit in exchange for his half-penny. The dog was very much aggrieved at this inequitable treatment, but at the time could find no opportunity of showing his resentment.—However, when he next received a halfpenny, he wended his way to the baker's as usual with the coin between his teeth, and waited to be served. As soon as the baker proffered him a biscuit, Prince drew up his lips, so as to exhibit the halfpenny, and then walked coolly out of the shop, transferring his custom to another member of the same trade who lived on the opposite side of the road.—*Illustrated Natural History, by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*

THE WIFE.—To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the heart, so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight), and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when chastity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE ORIGIN OF AN OLD PROVERB.—A young rustic told his priest at confession that he had broken down his neighbor's hedge to get at a black-bird's nest. The priest asked him if he had taken away the young birds, "No," said he, "they were hardly grown enough. I will let them alone until Saturday evening." No more was said on the subject, but when Saturday evening came the young fellow found the nest empty, and readily guessed who it was that had forestalled him. The next time he went to confession he had to tell something in which a young girl was partly concerned. "Oh," said his ghostly father, "how old is she?" "Seventeen." "Good-looking?" "The prettiest girl in the village." "What is her name? Where does she live?" the confessor hastily inquired; and then he got for an answer the phrase which has passed into a proverb, "Try that upon somebody else, Mr. Filcher of Blackbirds."

AN IRISH STATION MASTER.—Not long ago, the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company established a flag station at North Williamstown, and installed a worthy native of the Green Isle as depot master. Pat was duly instructed in the duties of his office, and, among other things, that whenever there were any passengers to be taken up, a red flag should be displayed. The next morning the red flag was waving. Of course, the train brought up.

"Where are your passengers, Pat?" sang out the conductor.

"Sure, then, there are none at all!"

"What the deuce did you put up your flag for then?"

"An' sure, how did I know but some one would want to get out; tell me that?"

The conductor didn't stop to have his laugh out then.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

A LEARNED PREACHER.—One of our venerable religious papers—the Christian Advocate—states, as a fact, that a preacher of considerable pretensions to literature, and a teacher for years past, had occasion, in a sermon, to allude to the miracle of Christ, in raising the daughter of Jairus to life. He began by telling them that "There was a little girl by the name of Talitha, and the daughter of a man by the name of Cumi. The little girl died, and old man Cumi sent for Jesus to see if He could not raise her from the dead. Jesus came, and putting them all out of the room except Mr. and Mrs. Cumi, and three of His disciples, took the little girl by the hand and said, 'Talitha Cumi, arise!' and little Talitha got up and ate before them all."

AN ARAB'S POLITENESS.—A Frenchman, while residing in one of the Oriental cities, was once watering some flowers in a window, and accidently filled the pots too profusely, so that a quantity of water happened to fall on an Arab, who was basking in the sun. The man started up, shook up his clothes, and thus gave vent to his feelings respecting the offender:—"If it is an old man who has done this, I despise him; if it is an old woman, I forgive her; if it is a young man, I curse him; but if it is a young woman, I thank her."

☞ "This snow storm, the boys regard as a joke," said old Dr. Dilworth, during the late storm. "Yes," replied his companion, "and it is a joke that any one can see the drift of!"

A GAME DINNER.

We heard an amusing story, the other day, of a novel feast, that we do not recollect ever to have seen in print. It is too good to be lost, and, although it will certainly lose in our telling, we may succeed in giving the point.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his ground with a high, tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman—one of the olden time—with the exception that none but the *elite* of the province and the officers of the garrisons were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into every sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles, in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree in the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired and brought down his game.

Colonel, or whatever his title might have been—we will call him Colonel, anyhow—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was re-loading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulphed down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-by, that is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down, and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, and entreated. It was of no use. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated his command.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite out of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner the day before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe nails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave.

When he had got through vomiting, and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him the gun, with the remark,—

"Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back, he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulation, prayers, and entreaties were useless things. There was shoot then in the American's eye, as there had been in the English eye before.

There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had lately eaten on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early, the commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Colonel —— was announced.

"Sir," said Col. ——, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises, and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few moments Tom entered, and stood at attention as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face; "I d-di-di-dined with him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.

OPIUM BETTER THAN ALCOHOL.—The drinking of spirituous liquors in excess is constantly associated with the most daring and detestable crimes, with assaults, and other acts of violence, with robbery, and with murder itself; and at all events the use of opium does not produce these fearful and fatal results. It leads no doubt to a dreamy, and, when taken in excess, to a useless existence; but as far as regards its action upon the human frame, this is scarcely perceptible when employed in moderation. I have often seen opium smokers who have lived to eighty and ninety; and, in one instance, a man was introduced to me who lived in a Buddhist convent to the age of 104 years. It has been said, too, that the use of opium has been a great impediment to missionary labor. I do not know why; but this I know, that among the Siamese who use no opium, no converts whatever have been made but that in the kingdom of Siam, among the Chinese, among whom opium-smoking is almost universal, many have been converted to Christianity; and in China itself the missionaries have had the most success, and have rendered the most essential benefits to opium smokers in particular.—*Sir John Bowring.*

☞ Every adjuration of love every oath of fondness, always contains this mental reservation—"so long as you are what you now are." Does it?

BROKEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Far off in the dim and desolate Past
That shoreless and sorrowful sea,
Where wrecks are driven by wave and blast,
Shattered, sunken, and lost at last
Lies the heart that was broken for me.—
Poor heart!
Long ago broken for me!

My loves were Glory, and Pride, and Art—
Ah, dangerous rivals these!
Sweet lips might quiver, and warm tears start—
Should an artist pause for a woman's heart?
Even that which was broken for me?
Poor heart!
Too rare to be broken for me!

Oh, she was more mild than the summer wind,
More fair than the lilies he;—
More true than the star with twilight twinned
Was the spirit against whose love I sinned—
The heart that was broken for me.—
Poor heart!
Cruelly broken for me!

I told her the artist should wed his art—
That, only, his love should be;
No other should lure me from mine apart,
I said—and my cold words chilled her heart,
Poor heart that was breaking for me—
Poor heart!
Hopelessly breaking for me!

I spoke of the beautiful years to come
In the lands beyond the sea;—
Those years which must be so wearisome
To her; but her patient lips were dumb;—
—In silence it broke for me,
Poor heart!
Broke, yet complained not,—for me!

I pressed her hand, and rebuked her tears
Lightly and carelessly—
I said my triumphs should reach her ears,—
And left her alone with the dismal years
And the heart that was breaking for me,
Poor heart!
Silently breaking for me!

My days were a dream of summer-time,
My life was a victory;—
Fame wove bright garlands to crown my prime,
And I half forgot, in that radiant clime
The heart that was breaking for me,—
Poor heart!
Patiently breaking for me!

But my whole life seemed, as the swift years rolled,
More hollow and vain to be;
Fame's bosom, at best, is hard and cold;—
Oh, I would have given all praise and gold
For the heart that was broken for me,
Poor heart!
Thanklessly broken for me!

Sick with longing, and hope, and dread,
I hurried across the sea;—
She had wasted as though with grief, they said,
Poor child—poor child!—and was long since dead—
Ah—dead for the love of me!
Poor heart!
Broken for love of me!

Weighed down by a woe too heavy to hold,
She died unmurmuringly;—
And I—remorseful and unconsoled,
I dream of the wasted days of old,
And the heart that was broken for me.
Poor heart!
Broken so vainly for me!

And my soul cries out in its bitter pain
For the bliss that cannot be—
For the sweet young life that was lived in vain—
For the love that never can come again,
And the heart that was broken for me.
Poor heart!
Broken and buried for me!

THE GOOD MATCH.

It was certainly a most extraordinary circumstance—though of course being so, *I* had little to do with it—and it made a great sensation at Bristol. I was a girl at the time, and just had my ears pierced. I can perfectly well recollect my dear papa—the finest man I have ever seen—taking advantage of the event to warn my brothers against the evils of drunkenness, extravagance, dissipation, and writing anonymous letters. I regret I cannot call to mind the exact words of his sublime sermon, for I am sure you would enjoy it.

We were living in the small town of Stoneyford at the time—the white house with the yew trees, just before you come to the butcher's shop, where they sold such tough mutton, at the corner of the Fiddleton-road. We were only five miles from Bristol. Some of the richest merchants resided in our neighborhood, which made it very agreeable. There were the Todcombs, very wealthy people until they failed; and the Dishforths, a highly respectable family in the American trade, and worth millions for many years. Thus the society was highly select and agreeable. We visited a great deal with the best houses.

I remember, as well as if it had only happened yesterday, my papa returning home one evening with the news that "Hepburn Lodge" was let at last. This Hepburn Lodge was quite a joke with us; it had been unoccupied for an age. It was in a sadly-dilapidated state—the carriage-drive so hidden in weeds, they once caught a hare among them; and the grand entrance-gates as rickety, patched and broken as the doors of a rabbit-hutch. The last man who attempted to take care of the house was nearly starved to death through the top staircase falling down and keeping him for three days in a back attic. I forget the reason why everybody refused to take the house, but I fancy somebody had destroyed himself in the library, and I believe there was a Chancery suit pending. Besides, it was reported that the roof had broken in, that the timbers were dry-rotted, the foundations giving way, and the water not drinkable.

We were naturally very anxious to learn all we could about the adventurous tenant of this dismal mansion. We young girls were nearly crazy with curiosity. In the day-time we called on our friends and cross-questioned them, and at night we sat round the fire racking our brains and guessing ourselves half stupid. Dear me, how I did prick my fingers and knot my thread on those prating, gossiping evenings. It was useless trying to work. The only conclusion we came to was that the new neighbor must be very rich and very mad to take such a place, and we judged him selfish in having such slight regard for his wife's comfort.

Presently, workmen were seen to enter Hepburn Lodge; the broken-down gates were kept permanently open to allow trucks with long ladders and cart-loads of bricks to enter. At twelve every day, quite an army of men in flannel jackets crossed over to the "Fighting Cocks" beer-house. It became dangerous for ladies to be out after dark. The clergyman's daughter was whistled and coughed at, and called "perty Meerey," by a ruffian flourishing a disgusting pipe. Yet, try as we would, the tenant's name still remained a secret. We sent our own maid out to make inquiries. Even the landlord of the beer-shop knew no more than we did. Four laborers whom our maid addressed all gave different and highly vulgar names. Neither the baker, the grocer, the bootmaker, or the butcher could enlighten us. The one said the new comer was a poor nobleman; another affirmed he was a rich tradesman; the third declared he had a large family; and the fourth asserted he was a bachelor. We were at our wit's end, and disgusted with the world.

My dear papa was the first to bring us consolation. He had heard it from a friend, who was told by a lawyer, who knew the surveyor of the repairs, that Doughty was the name of our myth. "If what they tell me is true," added our papa, "he is the son of old Doughty, the Colonial Broker, and worth fifty thousand at least. Now, girls, put your best looks on and dress to the nines, for he will want a wife, they say; and he might pass this way looking for one." My papa was a very witty man, and though a church-warden, excessively merry.

This Mr. Doughty became the king of Stoneyford and Fiddleton. I was much shocked and pained at witnessing the almost rude manner in which the young ladies of those towns openly pursued him. So were my dear sisters—all fine girls—greatly hurt. I have seen him standing at the saddler's door smoking his cigar, and every bonnet that passed turned to stare at him. He was a bold man, with fine eyes. His habits were very expensive indeed; his bill at the fishmonger's amounted to, sometimes, three or four pounds weekly; and he told Mrs. Sweady, the greengrocer, who had never seen a pine-apple until he came, that if she didn't keep a better stock of hot-house fruit, he should send to Bristol for his supplies. Poor woman, she knew more about cabbages and potatoes than forced peaches and grapes.

To oblige his beloved girls, our papa was good enough to ferret out all he could respecting Mr. Doughty. His fortune was discovered to be upwards of thirty thousand pounds. He was an only son, who had been kept very strictly by his father; and on inheriting his handsome fortune he determined on enjoying himself. He had been heard to declare he should amuse himself for a year or so, and then take a wife and settle down. Instantly the rivalry between the ladies of Stoneyford became very oppressive. We, who modestly kept in the background, were shocked at the scramble; and, if ever Mr. Doughty passed the evening at our house, took especial care that our retiring and modest carriage and behaviour should contrast forcibly with the unblushing effrontery of his other lady admirers. Nor were we losers through our genteel comportment. We were honored by invitations to the first ball he gave, and all of us had the gratification of dancing with our wealthy host. It was a splendid entertainment. The supper cost, they said, seventeen shillings per head; and even in the servants' hall the grooms and coachmen were drinking wine. We were all enchanted with the evening; but, as everybody remarked, the extravagant profusion only proved how desirable it would be to see a mistress at the head of the establishment, to check the ruinous expenditure.

Sad tales began gradually to creep over Stoneyford, to the effect that poor Mr. Doughty had given way to evil habits. He visited London, and stayed away for three months. On his return, I and my dear sisters were sincerely shocked to notice the change in his appearance. The rosy hue had fled from his cheek, and gave indications of permanently settling in the nose. My eldest sister—a most accomplished creature—longed (had her modesty permitted her) to send him a valuable lotion for an eruption on the forehead. His portly and majestic form had dwindled away, excepting round the waist, which had swelled forward. When we were afterwards told that six London gentlemen were staying at Hepburn Lodge, and that lights had been seen in the dining-room as late as four in the morning, our sympathy and regret for its misguided owner reached the height of feminine pathos. His footman, whilst taking ale at the "Fighting Cocks," was heard to state that these wicked men frequently played cards all night. The man had seen the table heaped up with sovereigns; twenty empty bottles were cleared away in the morning, and the housemaid frequently found gold dropped under the table; so reckless were they of their property. Then my own sister Matilda—a dear, talented pet—could no longer restrain her sensitive emotions. The man who had praised her singing, and twice walked with her across the fields to Fiddleton, was at least worthy of one attempt at saving him. She sent him a copy of Archbishop Grumpey's "Advice to Young Men," and went to church three times the next Sunday.

Alas! all our secret prayers and private hints had no effect upon this erring sheep with thirty thousand pounds. Many young ladies of our acquaintance commenced openly to abuse him, vowing they would sooner die than marry such a character. We all feared that by the time he made his choice his fortune would be squandered, and the match become a comparatively poor one. The misguided man sank deeper and deeper. He walked about publicly in a green cut-away coat with basket buttons; his breath had been discovered at ten in the morning to smell of brandy; he wore a white hat, and trowsers tight as umbrella cases. It was reported he lost three thousand pounds on the Derby race-course; and Polly Wood, the ironmonger's daughter—a fidgety little frum of a thing—was seen in Barnett's fields hanging on his arm, and looking up in his face as if fascinated. This last discovery completed his disgrace.

At last Mr. Doughty left Stoneyford to travel on the Continent. The old house was shut up, and left in the care of the gardener. His absence was a great relief to all the young ladies. We once more took to our tambour-work (then very fashionable), and resumed our pleasant tea-drinkings. My beautiful Matilda gradually regained her roses, and had strength enough to return to her embroidery, which (excepting one pair of braces) she had sadly neglected. To show how slightly we esteemed this misguided, but wealthy man, dear Miss Sparklings—the naughty puss—gave a picnic in the Hepburn grounds. We went all over the house. We were shown the room where the terrible combat with the fire-irons took place at six in the morning; we saw the table that was made for cock-fighting, and went into the shed that was built for a game I think they called skettles, or skittlings, or something—a vulgar amusement very popular among the lower classes.

We in time almost forgot the name of Doughty, and never mentioned it but in pity and disgust. Judge, then, of our amazement when, after a year's absence, that strange man returned among us. "But, oh! how altered! How regenerated! How improved! My dearest own Matilda (oh, gentlemen! such a tender-hearted angel!) saw him at the library and berlin wool emporium, selecting from the serious shelf several works that were even too deep and lengthy for my reading; and my pretty sensitive plant (I refer to my pet, Matilda, not Mr. Doughty) told me that if she had not fortunately leant for support on a thick bundle of two-shilling umbrellas she must have betrayed her secret passion, and done great damage by falling among a pile of toys behind her.

Mr. Doughty was now a changed being. He had cast off his dross, and appeared clean and purified. The sporting garb was exchanged for a long black coat, and shoes neatly tied with broad ribbon replaced his top-boots. He ate all his fighting cocks, roasting them with his skittles. The clergyman called to see him, and was received with a kindness which induced him to solicit a subscription to our coal and blanket fund. In our next printed list we read "CHARLES DOUGHTY, Esq., HEPBURN LODGE, (*Life Subscriber*) FIVE GUINEAS." Oh! what thanksgivings and joy were heard at every tea-table. His man-servant was discharged for allowing the strong ale to get into his head, and the kitchen-maid was ordered to give up ringlets and fancy caps, or leave the house without a character. Joy! great joy! He treated all the infant school to hot-cross buns on Good Friday, and distributed among the old paupers a pamphlet against the excessive use of snuff and wine. He was inundated with invitations to tea, and amongst them was darling Tilly's prettily-worded request for his society. He came.

How solemn was his deportment. He would not even take his tea "strong." He requested Matilda to play to him some of Handel's compositions. We were charmed, and did all we could to express our friendly admiration. So did my dear Tilda. She never played better, talked more exaltedly, or looked more beautiful. He paid her great attention, and admired a diamond ring my mother had lent her for the evening. After supper the conversation turned upon the advantages of a married as compared with a single life. I never remember my sainted mamma to have spoken more captivatingly. He obligingly concurred with every remark my mamma uttered. He even said, "I am, madam, so thoroughly convinced of the blessings of matrimony, that the moment I meet with a lady willing to link her fate to mine, I shall but too joyfully embrace the happy opportunity." Had he noticed my Tilda's countenance as he spoke thus, what days of anguish he might have spared her!

"But," added my dearest mamma, "you will not, I trust, fall into the vulgar error, so prevalent among mankind, that mere beauty of face and worldly wealth are necessary to happiness. Many a noble heart lies concealed behind an imperfect countenance, and a rich mind is more precious than a full purse. The wise Socrates was not, I believe, good-looking?"

"I have seen his bust," replied Mr. Charles, "and though in bronze, it was very repulsive."

"How noble it is," mamma continued, "how generous and manly, for one who is blessed with excess of fortune to hold forth his hand to a penniless girl and say—come with me and share my plenty."

"I agree with you, madam," was his astounding answer; "such conduct is very noble, generous, and manly."

When he left us, my delighted mamma recalled to us his words. "You heard him?" she cried. "We did," we replied. "Then," she added, "whichever of you he chooses, let me see no jealousy or pouting."

It was soon noised about that Mr. Doughty inclined towards matrimony. He made no secret of his desire to settle. The flocks of Stoneyford maidens, from thirty to fifteen, were shaken with trembling hope. The infection of rivalry spread even to their parents. Several families "cut" our acquaintance, because he presented Tilly with a basket of mushrooms. One ignoble creature reported that we sought to entrap our wealthy neighbor. We ourselves were so disgusted with Lydia Mather's indelicate behaviour, in hemming Mr. Charles Doughty's pocket handkerchiefs, that we sent her back all the music she had lent us, and ordered the servant to ask for a volume of Byron she had borrowed.

Now comes the reverse of the pleasant picture I have drawn; now I must expose to you the hypocrisy and low cunning of the spendthrift and the *roue*. A villain must be unmasked. The mean fellow, who cheated my sweet Tilda out of her peace, health and rest; who brought on a low fever, and cost my dear papa pounds in quinine and change of air; this man must be degraded and exposed. He was a pleasant greensward to look at; but those who trusted to his cheerful aspect soon found, to their sorrow, that he was but a concealed swamp. This is how the revelations became public:—

There resided in Bristol a gentleman of the name of Fairlop, a ship-broker, or an underwriter, or something. At any rate, he was engaged among the shipping, and insured cargoes against loss at sea; so *you* will know what he was. He kept up a good establishment, had a carriage and an only daughter—Clara, if I remember rightly. He was currently reported to be rich; and certainly on the days we dined there the plate was very good, and real silver—for I looked at the hall-mark. At this ship-broker's house Mr. Doughty was in the habit of dining twice a week. He was there discovered, by a young lady friend of ours, making desperate love to this Clara—a mere chit, I can assure you, and dressed to death.

This deceitful conduct will be better understood when I tell you that this man, Doughty, had, by his debauchery and gambling, thrown away two-thirds of his princely income; and finding it difficult to renounce the grandeur in which he lived, he, with the serpent's cunning, was endeavoring by a rich marriage to restore his squandered fortune. There's a villain for you! He had learnt, somehow, that Clara Fairlop had five thousand pounds; and the ship-broker had been heard publicly to state that he would double the sum on her marriage-day, and leave her every penny he saved. These pennies amounted to about twenty thousand sovereigns, and every day he lived he was still adding to his gains. No wonder the ambitious spendthrift longed to clutch such a prize. How fortunate was my darling Tilly to escape the snares of such a double-faced Judas!

We were always told from the first that Clara Fairlop was not consulted in this proposed alliance. Her pa and ma calmly desired her to love Mr. Doughty; and she, like a good girl, answered, "She would try." To help on her lame affection she was driven over to Hepburn Lodge, shown its desirable apartments and handsome grounds, and told that if she liked she could be mistress of the domain. It was a tempting offer. The idea of sitting before your own tea-things in that handsome drawing-room was enough to turn a wiser head than Miss Fairlop's. She determined to become Mrs. Doughty. He was permitted to call every day and take her out walking. He bought jewelry for her, and she wore it. He had his miniature painted and set as a brooch for her. When people began to wonder and talk, the Fairlops gave a ball, and introduced the future son-in-law to their guests. Do not fancy he still wore the long black frock-coat and shoes. Dear me, no! The best tailor he could find had taken his measure. He was quite the dandy of Bristol. He had only disguised himself to restore the confidence of suspicious parents. He had acted his part in costume.

So the news arrived at Stoneyford. We were petrified. Cards of condolence were left for my darling Tilda—greatly to her annoyance. Every one had concluded she was to be the future mistress of Hepburn Lodge. *I will even confess that, in an innocent playful way, the different rooms of the big house had been appropriated by us.* Such a one was for my dear parents. I was to have slept in a charming chamber that looked over the back garden. Foolish dreams! A villain had dispelled them! The family lawyer strongly advised an action for breach of promise. But my noble papa, fearing we could not bring forward sufficient legal evidence, bravely said—"No; I will leave his punishment in the hands of Providence."

Among our friends was a lady who knew the Fairlops well. My sweet Tilda was very anxious to know what this stuck-up Miss Clara was like; so we visited this lady friend. She spoke rather favorably of that unhappy child's countenance. She was *petite* and slim, but gracefully formed. As you might expect, her simplicity almost amounted to stupidity. Small feet, hands, and mouth; but preposterous eyes that almost filled up the face. In fact, she was a pretty little doll, with scarcely a word or a thought of her own. How different to my Tilda! In the course of conversation we discovered that this precocious child actually had two strings to her bow, for there was a Mr. Orlando Tidd, who, until Mr. Doughty made his appearance, had been a great favorite. Now this unhappy young Tidd was cast aside and discarded. Wretched youth! So pained was my sympathetic Tilda for his wretched lot, that she remarked, "If he had any courage in him he would call out his deceitful rival, and at least disfigure him for life." And who was this Orlando Tidd, do you think? Why, Mr. Fairlop's managing clerk, and once his pupil. Our lady friend gave him an excellent character. He had paid a heavy premium to be trifled with in that manner. He was very modest, nervous, and industrious. He had curly hair of a warm ginger hue; his eyes, though weak, were of a most delicate tea-leaf color. He looked much better in summer than winter, because the cold half paralysed him and turned him blue; besides, he suffered from chilblains on his fingers. But such a heart! so pure and kindly! so attentive and considerate, and faithful! Ah! if he had chosen, how easily might he have avenged himself, for he knew more about the business than even Mr. Fairlop. Yet, though his heart was breaking to that degree he had to take ether for the spasms, he would not desert his master. It was not as if he lacked capital, for his father left him three thousand pounds. Noble young man!

Whilst this infamous Doughty was love-making, and we nursing our sinking Tilda, a circumstance happened which turned the tables in a manner highly gratifying to many poor girls. The ship "Mary Hastings," (A 1) homeward bound from India, with a rich cargo, was—calculating by her speed on former voyages—two months behind her time. She had not been spoken with, neither had she put into any port. The only conclusion people could come to was that she had gone down in the middle of the sea, and all hands had perished. The owners were in great trepidation, for the cargo was worth more than a hundred thousand pounds. As a last expedient they tried to effect insurances, and so cover some of their loss. Yet, the affair was so hazardous, no underwriter would accept the risk. They offered a premium of twenty, thirty, forty per cent.; but in vain. It was a rich harvest for a highly speculative man, providing the ship did return. Mr. Fairlop was a desperate man at a venture. Forty per cent.! He and Tidd made inquiries as to the character of the captain, examined the ship's papers at the owner's offices, and at last accepted insurances to the amount of forty thousand pounds, to be paid in a month's time, if necessary. How can men have the heartlessness to play such desperate games, when a false wind may blow away the happiness of their families, and reduce a prosperous establishment to the workhouse. The Bristol merchants said Fairlop was mad, and Orlando Tidd, who had put his three thousand pounds into the venture, a fool. These were the very words. They were vulgar, but to the point.

The news of this silly speculation was carefully concealed from Mrs. Fairlop; but it was not long before that bad man, Charles Doughty, was enlightened. He had four warning letters, from four different friends, delivered by the same post; and read them, one after another, whilst he tried to eat his breakfast. I should, I must confess, have liked to have seen his face at that moment. Mercenary wretch, how he must have suffered! We were afterwards, as a secret, told what he thought and did. Like many others, he considered his papa-in-law a ruined man: he fumed with rage, knocked over a cup of tea, and spasmodically clutching at his egg, crunched it between his strong fingers. Was *he* to marry the daughter of a bankrupt? Was *he* to have mamma-in-law writing begging-letters for five-pound notes to keep papa-in-law alive until he could obtain some post as clerk?—Those were not *his* views at all. His only object in marrying was to make money. A thousand pounds more or less had decided him in his choice of a wife. He must, somehow or other, send the Fairlops to the right-abouts.—But how? He now discovered that your meek Miss Clara was only a half-silly, vacant child; he recalled her face, and found it almost ugly; he thought of her petted, extravagant habits, and felt disgusted. What use would her five thousand pounds be? He had but to hold up his finger, and another lady of his acquaintance, with three times that fortune, would jump at being his wife. How to escape? He dared not be brutal, or he might disgust the other Bristol heiresses. The negotiations necessary before a wealthy union had involved him beyond the possibility of escape. The lawyer was drawing up a settlement, and all his clerks and friends had heard the news; the unfortunate Clara had chosen her bridal dress, so the linen-draper had gossiped with his customers; the wedding-cake was ordered, and the pastry-cook had tattled on the pleasing subject. What was he to do? That you shall know presently.

This point brings me to the mention of a nephew of mine (I have eight) whom I love dearly—in fact, he has had three gold watches out of my spare money. He allowed himself to be guilty of a very mean action—led on by others I know—but still nothing could, or shall, excuse his conduct. Even the good he unconsciously effected, *by saving little Miss Fairlop from the clutches of that bad, bad man, Charles Doughty, is not sufficient atonement for the despicable, mean, cowardly * * * *.* But I had better continue the story, and so tell you how the poor mortal erred.

My poor Frederick—may I call him Freddy? Thank you! Well, my dear Freddy had been placed in the office of a Bristol merchant, where he became acquainted with a great many clerks of low tastes and low principles, who led him into bad society and taught him vulgar habits. Perhaps you think they were one as bad as the other? Perhaps they were, only I am more attached to my Freddy than to these clerks, and do not wish to think so.—These boys—mere children of eighteen—would go to taverns and smoke their delicate lips into blisters. To empty a pot of porter at one draught, or burn their tender throats with raw spirits, were considered high accomplishments.

One night, about twelve o'clock, these uproarious young men, greatly excited by hot glasses of spirits and water, were sauntering from one penny concert to another, when they caught sight of a tall individual, wrapped up in a heavy cloak, hurrying along the street at a pace which looked like either escaping from justice, or fetching a doctor. They thought so; for after the first suggestion "to watch him and see what he is up to," came the proposition to hunt him; or, in other words, rush after the man shouting and screaming at the top of their voices. They were still undecided as to which sport it should be, when they saw the form stop opposite the post-office, and stoop down to examine the opening to the letter-box. He looked about him, this side and that, up the street and down the street. He saw the wild herd of clerks trotting towards him, and hastily pushing his letter into the opening, darted off just as the howling began to alarm the street. They would have passed the post-office in their mad chase, if my Freddy had not noticed something white lying on the pavement. It was the letter. The mysterious stranger, in his alarm, had missed the slit in the shutters, and dropped the note. It was picked up and examined. In justice, it must be said, their first impulse was to slip it back into the box; but whilst trying to read the address by the gas-lamp, it was discovered the envelope was open. "I've got some wafers at my place," remarked my nephew. "Come along with me; I won't keep you a moment; and one of you can post it going home."

Yes! he had plenty of wafers; but instead of fetching them at once, they sat chatting and looking longingly at the letter. It was open; and to peep into it seemed no more than looking in at an open door. They had an indistinct notion that such an action was mean, for no one had the courage to propose reading the contents. It was handed round; every one read the address, "Martin Fairlop, Esq.," and suggested, as the writing was very good and distinct, that it was either a bill, or a lawyer's threat. All these young men knew Mr. Fairlop, and the great talk the "Mary Hastings" speculation had occasioned, sharpened their curiosity to an edge which was dangerous for such young hands. To shorten my story, it was at last agreed that the contents of this letter should be made public, vows of secrecy being first enforced. My Freddy, naughty boy that he was, read as follows:

"Sir—The interest I take in your welfare and that of your family, forces me to a step which the world considers unjustifiable, but which I hope will, by its good results, if not by its honest intentions, obtain your pardon. We all know that in a few days your daughter is to be united to Mr. Charles Doughty. Be warned in time. At any sacrifice save your child from assured misery. A gambler and a libertine is not worthy of a place in your family. You, perhaps, look upon him as a reformed and excellent man. Place no faith in his deceit. But yesterday I heard him boast to his dissolute companions, that after his marriage he would soon return to his debaucheries, and lead a life which I am sure is quite contrary either to the hopes of your daughter, or the wishes of yourself."

"There's no signature!" cried Fred. "It's an anonymous letter. Here's a go! What a blackguard! eh?" I am using the expressions of my nephew, gentlemen, so you must not visit his vulgarity upon me.

It is to be pitied that these sad youths were ever submitted to such a temptation; but their subsequent conduct most decidedly admits of no justification; neither would I lower myself by attempting to palliate their scandalous behaviour, though Frederick was my own sister's child, and my very much-loved boy.

It would seem that Mr. Orlando Tidd was no favorite among these reckless lads. He neither admired the music or songs of penny concerts, nor the practice of getting tipsy; his upright conduct and tastes caused him to be considered a mean, molly-coddling fellow. They did not dare to say as much to him, owing to his high position as Mr. Fairlop's managing clerk. But an opportunity for "paying him out" could not be missed. What a capital joke it would be to sign "Orlando Tidd" at the end of this anonymous letter. What a scolding he would get. It was known that he loved Miss Clara, and Fairlop would be sure to believe his clerk wrote the letter. He might deny it in vain. Perhaps Doughty would cane him. Capital! It is such good fun to see anybody caned! Excellent! So an imitation of this poor gentleman's signature was appended to the anonymous warning, and this time the person who posted it not being in a hurry, placed the letter very carefully into the box.

Can you guess at the writer of this disgusting anonymous epistle? I think you can, considering the character I gave you of the man. Yes, you are right, Mr. Charles Doughty was the author of this attack upon his own character. Deep rogue as he was, it seemed to him the only method left for escaping the marriage. He hoped that Mr. Fairlop would break off the match. The misguided talent of that bad man was enough to have raised ten honest men to fame.

Mr. Fairlop was in quite trouble enough without Mr. Doughty's interference. The end of the month was drawing unpleasantly near, and yet no "Mary Hastings, A 1" made her appearance. He, like everybody else, began to look upon himself as a ruined man, and to reckon how many pence should he have left after he had paid the forty thousand pounds insurance money. His only hope was that his rich son-in-law might step forward and help him. Unfortunate creature! When at his office he would call Orlando Tidd into his private room, and, though each felt and looked as care-worn and solemn as firework makers, both certain of ruin, they would try to prop up each other's courage with such phrases as "I don't despair even now, Tidd!" or "Four days may alter matters, Mr. Fairlop!" The unfortunate Orlando was too heavy with grief to gain much support from such thin expectations, and Fairlop was giddy with alarm. The wrinkles on the merchant's feverish forehead became distinct as cracks in dried-up clay, whilst the corners of the clerk's mouth were tightly drawn down, and made his lips look white from the violent stretching.

On the night of the adventure with the letter, Mr. Fairlop, though he drank more than a bottle of port, scarcely closed his eyes; and when he rose in the morning he was so shaken, that he dare not, for his life, shave himself. His nervous debility was such that he couldn't even button his boots. He felt very tired of life, and kept constantly thinking of the pint of opium in his medicine chest. As he crept down to the breakfast-room, he thought, as he trod on the thick stair-carpets, of the day when they would be hanging out of window with the auction bill fastened on them. As he looked round his well-furnished rooms, he wondered what this inlaid table or that gilt clock would fetch under the hammer. A few hours would decide all. Poor unsuspecting Miss Clara was happy enough—wretched girl, practising her piano overhead. "Whatever happens," thought Mr. Fairlop, "she will be the happy wife of an honorable man, and tenderly shielded from the effects of my ruin."

Whilst the ship broker was looking at his breakfast and wishing it was over, and taken away, Mr. Orlando Tidd entered the room. He gave such a sigh as he stood at the door, that Mr. Fairlop thought it useless to ask if he had any good news. "No, thank you, he wouldn't have any coffee?" he would only take a chair, and a very small piece of that, for he sat on one corner, and looked unsteady. Every now and then he stole a glance at the beloved maiden behind the urn, and wished Mr. Doughty had never been born. He knew he loved her more than any other man possibly could; he was sure that if, in time, she could accustom herself to his weak eyes and long, thin legs, she would become sensible of his enormous affection, and return it with gratitude. She had laughed at him, and called him names, but nothing could drive him away. She had even made him post letters to Mr. Doughty, and consulted him about the future arrangements at Hepburn Lodge, and yet, if ever he had a chance of meeting her, or doing her a kind action, he never missed it. He remembered the night of the ball, when, feeling very courageous after supper, he had stammered out a kind of proposal, and she had told him "her pa" would be so angry if he heard of it, and be sure to turn him away from the office. He had recovered now from that cruel, unsentimental, and innocent speech. A few months more of his quiet, enduring courtship might have melted the silly girl. She was growing tired of being cruel to such a submissive victim. He took her unkindness with such resignation and

humility. Many times the idea crossed her that Orlando would make a much better husband than this Doughty; but papa and mamma were on the side of the Hepburn Lodge marriage, and the clerk was outbalanced.

How long he would have remained gazing upon his lost love is guesswork; but a postman's knock reminded him he still lived on earth, and he was rudely pulled down from his heaven by the man-servant entering with a letter.

Mr. Fairlop, when he received the epistle did as most people do, looked at the writing.

"Who can this be from?" he said to himself. "A capital bold hand, whoever wrote it." A cowardly anonymous letter with a bold hand! An assassin with a brave dagger! "Tidd, will you allow me?" added Mr. Fairlop, turning to his clerk. Of course Tidd would, and so that he might enjoy the contents, he rose up, bowed to the lost beauty, and hurried away to the office.

All women have a more or less slight partiality to flirting, and Clara, although she continued to look into her tea cup, knew that the despairing Orlando was watching every morsel she nibbled from her toast, worshipping her with his eyes. It is against our nature to dislike admiration, especially when it is forced upon us unsought. She felt a great pity for the faithful man who loved her so quietly and mournfully.

Mr. Doughty was to have breakfasted with his beloved that morning, and Clara was vexed at his breaking his appointment. She was excessively arbitrary in her ideas, and ruled very strictly during her short reign of courtship. She did not grumble aloud, but the way she flnicked with a few bread crumbs, proved she was in a pet. "I have a great mind not to love him," she thought. To be truthful, she never had.

When Mr. Fairlop had read a few lines of his letter, he gave a short sneering laugh. He was annoyed at the idea of anybody daring to interfere in his family affairs. "Who the deuce has sent this?" he asked himself, as he turned the page in search of the signature. He did not tell his daughter who the writer was; but she saw his arm fall down, his eyes light up, and his mouth open, as if he was going to sneeze. "Clara," he said, pushing the letter towards his child, "This concerns you quite as much as it does me." The moment he began to talk, his tongue ran away with him. "And I have had such faith in that man Tidd. I, who brought him up from a child, &c., &c." He would have been wiser as to his daughter's feelings, had he watched her instead of chattering. Her eyes grew bright as she read; true, it might have been from indignation. Her hand shook at first, perhaps with rage. There was a determined tight expression—half smile, half sneer—about her little mouth, as if she could shake this Tidd, or that Doughty. She put down the letter, after reading it, and stared vacantly; her eyes looking right through her father, apparently focussed on some object about fifty yards on the other side of the wall. "Did you ever read such an infamous, cowardly attack?" asked Papa. Miss did not reply for a second, and then said, "I do not consider it cowardly, because he signed it; but, for Mr. Doughty's sake, I hope it is infamous."

"Hope!" cried Fairlop, who was half mad at the bare thought of anyone attempting to break off this marriage. "Hope! why, hasn't the fellow the impudence to admire you? Hasn't he the assumption to consider Mr. Doughty his rival? Hasn't he—?" His speech was abruptly terminated, by the footman, announcing Mr. Charles Doughty. "Ask him in, directly; he shall see this letter, Clara!"

"Oh! Papa! Papa! Pray do not. Suppose they should fight?" She meant, of course, fight in a day or two, with pistols, in a duel.

The entrance of Mr. Doughty prevented any reply to this suggestion. Mr. Fairlop looked very vicious and pugnacious—as if he would prefer a hostile meeting. The wretch, Doughty, knew in a second the cause of this domestic disturbance. "Got the letter," he thought to himself.

He had purposely dressed himself to act up to, and confirm his anonymous warnings. His chin was black with a two day's beard; his face had been smudged, but not washed; the shoulders of his coat were drab with dust, and his shirt collar drooped like a frost-bitten leaf. Altogether he gave Fairlop the idea that he had not been to bed, and was still half-tipsy. He seated himself and began to yawn. A very perceptible smell of stale cigar smoke encircled the dirty man. The familiar nod he gave Miss Clara so enraged her that she left the room, and was presently heard overhead consoling herself at the piano. The ship-broker, too, was rather disconcerted, for he would have relished a fine theatrical scene, with a grand display of indignation and threatened vengeance.

As Doughty did nothing but yawn, and hold up before his mouth fingers decidedly not rose-tipped, Fairlop began the conversation with "Did you ever, Charles, receive an anonymous letter?" Mr. Charles thought, "They've got mine," and was obliged to hide a smile of delight in a yawn. "No, sir," he replied, "never! and if ever I do, I shall quietly burn it, however excellent the warnings it contains. It is a method of attack I despise, and against which nobody can keep guard." There's a hypocrite for you. Who could suspect such a talker?

"You are right; nobody can," continued the father-in-law. "The best of men are open to these disgraceful assaults."

"It is an ugly way of giving evidence against a man," continued Mr. Charles; "indeed, all I object to is the cowardice of the proceeding. I should give such a letter due consideration, and yet, if I found out the writer, cane him; but I don't suppose I shall ever be troubled." Wasn't that sly?

"If you will promise me to be calm," said the broker, rising, "I'll tell you something that will startle you." Unfolding the letter, he added, "This is not an anonymous letter; it is signed; but it does not the less merit the caning you mentioned."

The sudden animation that shot into the rogue's face, the astonished look, the jerking up of the head and opening of the hands, made a wrong impression upon Mr. Fairlop. He ascribed this emotion to indignation, whereas this Charles was muttering to himself, "Signed! signed! I never could have been such a fool." He took the letter, examined it, and answered, with extraordinary imprudence, "No; I cannot say I know the handwriting." Then he ran his eye over it, as if he had never seen it before. He was a man of consummate effrontery. When he reached the end of the page, he looked up and said, as if half to himself, "Who can have written this? It is evidently some one who knows me well, or he couldn't betray me." This speech was intended to startle Mr. Fairlop, and it was successful. The father-in-law was going to say something in a great hurry, but the son-in-law stopped him by asking, "Give me the name of this villain—what I do in my own house concerns no man but myself! Give me his name!" Do you see how cunningly he kept on admitting the truth of the letter. Do you think any father would confide his child to such a man? He acted his part so well, Mr. Fairlop really felt grateful to Mr. Tidd for warning him in time, and made up his mind to forbid the marriage. He could hardly speak civilly as he said, "If you will turn the page over, the signature is on the other leaf."

"Orlando Tidd!" muttered the startled Mr. Charles, and for several minutes he sat perfectly quiet, wondering how on earth the signature got there. "Have I ever seen this Orlando Tidd!" he asked. "'Pon my word I don't know the fellow!"

He waited for a reply; but Mr. Fairlop was deeply engaged looking out of the window, watching a man who, hat in hand, was tearing up the street, with the speed of a hunted cat.—This man was as dangerous as a runaway horse. A porter quietly lighting his pipe was knocked over as he took his first whiff, and a ladies' school was sent flying into the road like so many chickens.

"Good heavens!" cried Fairlop, catching sight of the runner's hot face, "here comes Tidd! Can anything have happened?"

He rushed from the room, and was fortunate enough to open the street-door in time to prevent his clerk from dashing his brains out against the knocker. The prospect of good news made Mr. Fairlop forget all about the warning letter.

Before the clerk could get breath enough, he was trying to speak, and the master doing his utmost to understand him. Nobody else but a man in fear of ruin would have been able to translate the various pants and stutters into these words:

"Mary Hastings—seen off the Lizards—late last evening!"

The disgraceful wretch in the parlor was listening intently. He heard Mr. Fairlop, in a half-sobbing voice, cry out that he "was saved," and Orlando Tidd congratulated him on the fortune the speculation had brought.

"God bless you, boy," the broker had answered, "we are both of us richer by a few hundreds, but we almost went too near the fire."

The return of the "Mary Hastings" brought back Mr. Doughty's love for Miss Clara. He now determined to try his utmost to bully and rave, and not allow the girl to slip through his fingers if he could help it. As soon as Mr. Fairlop and his clerk entered the room, he stepped boldly up to Orlando, and thrusting the letter close to his face, asked savagely if he knew "that handwriting." The clerk, without reading the contents—examined the calligraphy, admitted it was a very fine, bold hand, but replied he could not recognise it.

Turning the page over, Mr. Doughty pointed to the signature, and shouted,

"Will that help you—perhaps you can tell me who wrote *that*?"

If to start, and blush deep crimson, is a sign of guilt, then Mr. Orlando must have appeared highly criminal; but his reply was,

"It is my name, but, on my honor, not my writing."

All the broker could say was, "It certainly is a most singular circumstance," but his head was full of the Mary Hastings, and the £14,000 he had won.

"So, sir!" roared Mr. Doughty, crossing his arms, "you dare lie to my face, do you? You stab in the dark, and plead innocence in the day-light. You slandering rogue, I shall horsewhip you."

We are not apt to look upon young men with thin legs and weak eyes as being noted for bravery; but our rogue, for once, made a mistake. With great dignity Mr. Orlando pulled out his card-case. He was a meek gentleman; but to be so grossly insulted by his rival was beyond his endurance. Imagine how shocked Miss Clara—who, attracted by the noise, was listening at the door—must have been when Mr. Doughty contemptuously, said,

"I do not fight clerks—I beat them."

It has been calculated that the news of the safe return of the "Mary Hastings," A 1, spread over Bristol in four minutes and a half.

The extraordinary good luck of Mr. Fairlop's desperate venture was the talk of every office. My nephew, Freddy, who knew the Fairlops well, the moment he heard the tidings, clapped on his hat, and, thinking to be the first to congratulate the broker, darted off at a speed which nothing but Mr. Orlando's long legs could have matched. He managed to worm his way into the parlor just as the discussion about the duel was at its height. The moment he saw Mr. Doughty he recognized the man in the long cloak who dropped the letter. On the sofa sat poor Clara, crying; and my Freddy, whilst trying to comfort her, (he was a very tender-hearted boy,) learnt all the particulars of the quarrel, and how Mr. Tidd was going to fight a duel about a letter he protested he had never written.

There was but one honorable course for my Freddy to take; and, to his credit, he did take it. The letter was lying on the carpet. He took it up, examined it, knew it directly, and, springing among the disputants, told his story. "And I'll take my oath," shouted my Freddy, bless him, "that he" (pointing to Doughty,) "is the man who dropped the letter. I'd swear to him if he was to dye his face black, and so could four other fellows I know." All the low wretch could stammer out was, that he should not stop in the house to be insulted; and, banging the door to after him, he marched himself off.

Little Miss Clara married Mr. Orlando Tidd, and Mr. Fairlop gave my Freddy a present of five guineas. When my own pet Tilly heard this scandalous story, the sweet girl merely said, "There was always something about that bad man I never liked;" and so there was, though it was decidedly never so conspicuously evident as after he was ruined. The sale at Hepburn Lodge lasted six days, and as the things went very cheap, we bought the drawing-room carpet and the hall chairs.

ELOPEMENT.—The wife of a well-known gentleman in this city, who was formerly a member of the Legislature, has run away (some say with a boy of 18), and is now enjoying the new honeymoon in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

The bright young gentleman who has thus displayed his precocious propensities, is, or was, a drug clerk in a store in Hudson street. He has long been on intimate terms with the faithless wife, who was never suspected of any wrong, although her manners in the circle where she moved sometimes subjected her to remark. She is a woman of considerable wealth in her own right, owning a couple of large buildings on Broadway, beside having a good sum of money invested in stocks, bonds, &c., and was one of the leaders of fashion in her set. On abandoning the kind and loving partner who has shared her joys and sorrows for the last eighteen years, she generously left everything in the way of property behind but about $2,000 in ready cash. The runaway lady is possessed of great personal attractions, and is about thirty-six years of age. She is the mother of five interesting children, one of whom, a girl of sixteen years of age, feels the blow severely, occupying, as she does, a good position in society. The father of the runaway, an aged man, in wealthy circumstances, is also greatly distressed. The husband naturally shares the same feelings, but has determined not to pursue his faithless spouse, who, it is believed, will repent of her folly and again return to her home.—*Evening Express.*

THE GURNEY ELOPEMENT IN ENGLAND—A LADY RUNS OFF WITH HER FOOTMAN.—I see the scandal which has been floating about London clubs and drawing-rooms for the last few days—of Mrs. J. H. Gurney's elopement with her footman—has now found its way into the London Times. There can, therefore, be no further motive for keeping back a few facts in connection with the case. The lady in question was the daughter of the late Richard Gurney, by whom she had a fortune of nearly £25,000 a-year, absolutely secured to herself. She was considered the richest married woman in England. All this fortune she is now free to dispose of as she likes—in enriching, if she chooses, the fortunate flunkey whom she has chosen for the partner of her flight. Her injured husband has already taken the first steps for obtaining a divorce, but such is the pressure of divorce business before Mr. Justice Cresswell's Court, that his solicitor has been informed (I am told) that fourteen months are likely to elapse before the case can be brought to issue. Meanwhile, the affair is a great blow to the large and respectable Gurney connection—so well and widely known for its philanthropic activity, as well as its wealth.—*London (Dec. 22) Corres. Manchester Guardian.*

DEATH OF DR. W. RUSSELL PALMER, THE ALLEGED INSURRECTIONIST.—We to-day record the death of Dr. Wm. Russell Palmer, whose arrest and examination for alleged conspiracy in the late attempt to incite the servile population of the South to revolt, is still fresh in the minds of our readers. It will be remembered that he was required to give bonds in $2,500 for his appearance at court. After his release from custody, he remained in the city, and boarded at the Planters' House, where consumption, with which he had been afflicted for many years, terminated his existence on Saturday morning. Since the developments of the late trial, facts have come to light which seem to warrant many in the belief that Dr. Palmer was innocent of the charge preferred, and that the letter said to be written by the underground agent, Thatcher, was in reality the production of a gentleman well-known in this community (though at present absent in the North), who was interested somewhat in the property of Palmer's wife. Of the truth or falsity of this, we have no direct knowledge, yet hope the whole affair may be shown up in its true colors, let the blame attach to whom it may.—*Memphis Argus.*

BOSTON WOOL SALE.—*Boston, Jan. 11.*—The wool sale to-day was spirited for domestic qualities, and all the lots, aggregating 368,000 lbs., were sold. A large part of the foreign wool was withdrawn.

The sales of domestic were as follows:

4,000 lbs	broken fleece and tub at	36
12,000 "	" and fine medium tub,	45
8,000 "	" (graded fleece)	43 @50
45,000 "	" extra "	53
	extra,	53 @56
15,000 "	double extra,	62½
3,000 "	common and medium fleece,	39
45,000 "	graded fleece,	45½@50½
20,000 "	extra, "	54
18,000 "	common and medium fleece,	38
35,000 "	extra graded fleece,	52½@54
10,000 "	double, " "	58
35,000 "	graded fleece,	45 @50
2,000 "	double extra pulled,	42
3,000 "	extra "	46
20,900 "	super "	34 @37½
2,500 "	No 1 "	29
1,500 "	black, "	26
20,000 "	super pulled,	33½@34
25,000 "	unwashed fleece,	12½
2,000 "	medium and common fleece,	41

A MOURNING CITY.—The number of ladies dressed in deep mourning which one now meets daily in the streets of San Francisco, is truly remarkable and solemn. In walking through Montgomery street yesterday, we counted not less than forty-five, in the short space between Bush and Washington streets. Were the cause not explained, this fact might lead to the presumption that our city was unhealthy, but nothing could be further from the truth. It results from the uncommon number of deaths from scarlatina, or scarlet fever, which has prevailed this year to an extent hitherto unknown in California. The averages of this scourge have, however, not been confined to this city. It is remarked in Sacramento, San Joaquin, Nevada, San Louis Obispo, San Diego, Shasta, and Butte counties.—*San Francisco Herald.*

Ene on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray,
With moving lips or bended knee;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust my eyelids close,
With reverential resignation;
No wish conceived, no thought repprest,
Only a sense of supplication;
A sense o'er all my soul imprest,
That I am weak, but not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

—*Coleridge.*

☞ The talented sister of a learned and humorous man was studying metaphysics. Puzzled by the mazes of the subject, she applied to him for definitions. "Brother," she asked, "what is mind?" Looking from his book, he wittily and evasively replied: "No matter." She pondered the answer, and presently returning, asked: "But, brother, what is matter?" and received the laconic reply, "Never mind."

LADY SPRIGGS.

My story's professional. You won't object to that? In the law we hear and come across queer things. I give you warning I had nothing to do with this in question; but my agents in London—a highly respectable firm—were engaged in the inquiry. It was all in the papers some years ago, but I dare say you have forgotten it. And, after all, a story twice told may pass on a winter's night.

I'll make it short. It's a drama in three acts—there's blood in it; but don't be alarmed, I beg.

Act the First, then. I was fond of the play when I was a young man, articled in London. The scene opens in a dentist's room in the West-End of London. Mr. Filey was a fashionable dentist, with an exceedingly, what is called, gentlemanly appearance. You might have taken him for a baronet, and so might I. A carriage drove up to the house, and a lady carefully attired—West-End costume, and some of those women do look very captivating. I haven't been in London now for four years, notwithstanding the railways; and when I do go it's never to the West-End. But, well,—a lady, I said. She inquired for Mr. Filey. That gentleman made his bow.

"Mr. Filey," she said, "I have come to you on a sad case." She sighed. Of course Mr. Filey was full of sympathy—in his aspect, at all events.

"Yes," she said, "it is very sad. You are great in teeth, Mr. Filey. Do you remember me years ago?"

Mr. Filey begged to be excused his forgetfulness, attributing it to his extended practice.

"Ah!, I was then younger, Mr. Filey. I am now, as my card will have shown you, Lady Spriggs."

Mr. Filey bowed to the title.

"I have a nephew, Mr. Filey; the heir to a vast property. He has but one defect—his teeth! Oh! the trouble those teeth have given us! His timidity is such that he will never now approach a dentist's shop—I mean house, and we are at our wit's ends what to do with him. Do you think that if I contrived to lure him, Mr. Filey, that you could so manage as to remove one or two of his—I think you call them grinders—without his being aware of it?"

The proposition was rather startling, but Mr. Filey was an old hand, and an able.

He said he had no doubt that, if he had the young gentleman there, he would extract the teeth, and he should hardly know anything of it—so delicate and sudden would be the manipulation—till it was over.

"That will do," said the lady. "You will eternally oblige his family, Mr. Filey, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. I will take the liberty of paying you in advance, if you please. May I know what it will be?"

She drew forth her purse, and paid the sum Mr. Filey thought fit to demand.

Arrangements were then made that the young gentleman should call on the morrow, at two o'clock, P. M., precisely. Every device not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of his teeth was promised by Mr. Filey, who was forewarned that the young gentleman was eccentric, and dressed not quite in the fashion—in fact, commonly; so that, unless you knew it, you would not presume him to be heir to a vast estate.

The scene closes on Mr. Filey bowing the lady into her carriage.

Act the Second, displays a jeweller's shop. West End. Messrs. Spitchcock and Co. A lady alights from her carriage, and enters.—She desires to see some jewelry. A diadem set with diamonds fixes her eye. Her taste is pleased by a beautiful bracelet, and a pair of ruby ear-rings, which suits her complexion, she thinks. She is assured that they suit her admirably. She hands her card: Lady Spriggs, at present residing at Mr. Filey's.

"You know Mr. Filey, the dentist?"

"Very well, indeed," she is told, "and Sir Sampson, also, by name."

She then desires them to make out their bill, and tell her the amount of her purchases. Four hundred odd pounds the bill amounted to. And the shopman wasn't astonished!—But what a country this is, where women can lavish money on gimcracks—as I tell my wife. However! the lady said she would be infinitely obliged to them if, within half an hour—that was, by two o'clock precisely, and not a moment later—they would pack up the things and despatch them and the bill, by one of their young men, to Mr. Filey's, where Sir Sampson, her husband, would write out a check, and liquidate the debt. Some woman's rigmarole, I suppose. However! the request was readily assented to. She departed, and the scene closes with her being bowed into her carriage a second time. May the Lord have mercy on simpletons!

Well, gentlemen, Act the Third. I contend that they are perfect acts, though they have but a scene a-piece.

A young man with parcel calls at two o'clock, precisely, that afternoon, at Mr. Filey's, and asks to see Sir Sampson Spriggs.

"Her ladyship is within," says the page.

The young man says, she will do. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady.

Do you smell a rat, gentlemen?

Well, the lady affably took the parcel from the young man, and said,

"I will take it to show my husband upstairs. He will be with you in five minutes, and hand you the cheque. You will excuse me? I must first satisfy him of the necessity I have for the articles."

Of course, the poor fellow thought that all was fair and straightforward. Ha! ha! He said, he would be happy to wait. Ha! ha! He took a chair. Ha! ha! ha! But it's really too bad to laugh. Well. He waited. The minute hands of the clock went round. He waited on. Before he had time to feel uncomfortable in his mind, the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him, and made his mind quite easy.

"I brought the things," said the young man; "and I'm waiting—"

"To see me," said Mr. Filey, admiring the stratagem of the lady immensely. "To see me. Yes. I'm aware. A beautiful day to-day, sir? Rather sultry. May I offer you a glass of wine?"

Of course the young man didn't object. Ha! ha! You know how they used to prepare victims for the sacrifice? Ha! ha!

Well. They talked. Mr. Filey said:

"Pray take a chair, may I ask you?" and the young fellow, warmed by his wine, was quite agreeable to anything.

"Will you open your mouth, may I ask?" said Mr. Filey.

"What for?" says the young fellow, amazed.

"Oh, nothing!" says Mr. Filey. "I merely wished to inspect. The conformation of your tongue struck me as peculiar. Not that it affects your speech, sir. Not at all. But pray allow me."

The poor young fellow opened his mouth. Ha, ha! He opened his mouth, and gaped.

"Now draw back your tongue," said Mr. Filey.

No doubt the young fellow thought him a very eccentric baronet, but he complied.

In a minute one of his grinders was seized—caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted, pulled. Heaven spare us all the horrible agony! I can't laugh any more. The grinder came out at last, in the midst of stifled screams, and I'm afraid, curses. It came out, and the young man was guilty of an assault on the body of the dexterous operator. Mr. Filey went down.

"Where's the lady? Where's Sir Sampson Spriggs?" roars the young man, with his hand on his mouth.

"My dear sir," says Mr. Filey, "you really—you *may* be eccentric; but when one is doing you a good, sir—doing you a service—"

"Service," splutters the wretched young fellow. "Service to pull out a tooth when I didn't ask you!"

"Ask me, sir," says Mr. Filey. "When I tell you it has been arranged by your estimable aunt, Lady Spriggs, and that it was paid for yesterday—"

"Paid for yesterday!" bawls the victim, starting back.

"This tooth, sir, was paid for yesterday," says Mr. Filey, impressively.

"Lady Spriggs—my aunt?" exclaimed the confounded youth.

"Come, sir," says Mr. Filey. "I think whatever your objection to part with it, you owe me an apology. I will not say, in due form. I expected caprice. But really such violence!"

The young man deliberately asked for Sir Sampson Spriggs, or the parcel of jewels which he had brought half an hour ago from the shop of Messrs. Spitchcock and Co., whose servant he distinctly claimed himself to be.

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Filey, "is there some mistake! Have I really?—on my honor, I—"

"If you will go up to Sir Sampson Spriggs, and get that parcel of jewelry immediately—" said the young man.

Mr. Filey started.

"I won't prosecute you," the young man added, washing his mouth out with water.

"You are *not* the nephew of Sir Sampson?" said Mr. Filey.

"Don't laugh at a chap, after what you've done to him," growled the young man.

"There's a mistake," said Mr. Filey. "Sir Sampson is not here. It was an innocent stratagem—"

"Innocent!" sneers the young man.

"To get you to submit to the operation—Lady Spriggs—"

"Will you ring for her, or not?" cries the no longer unsuspicious youth.

The bell was rung. The ready page informed them that Lady Spriggs had left the house shortly after her brief interview with the young man. By degrees the consummate confidence of Mr. Filey in her ladyship was melted and dispersed. He accompanied the young man to Messrs. Spitchcock's, related his share in the adventure, and made, let us hope, something like due reparation to the poor victim of the cleverest piece of rascality I know of.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—In the Toronto (Canada) Colonist, under the matrimonial head, appears the following singular notice:—

MARRIED—By the Rev. John Brown, Presbyterian Minister, at the village of Newmarket, township of Whitchurch, C. W., at the residence of the bride's father, Benjamin Hewson, Toronto, Orange Brigade Drum-Major, in full scarlet regimentals, with Orange sash, sword, &c., to Flora, eldest daughter of Mr. Archibald McMillan, of East Gwillimbury, C. W. When the minister got through with the necessary ceremony by law established, with a very appropriate lecture on the occasion, the bridegroom immediately afterwards requested to add a few words on the subject, and after he had got the sanction of all invited as witnesses, drew his sword from the scabbard, and giving it into the bride's hand, said, in the presence of all there assembled, "I now authorize you, my dear wife, to plunge this naked sword in my breast in case you find me unfaithful to the marriage tie now taken place between me and you (as unworthy of a moment's longer existence); henceforth you will have this sword placed at the head of your bed at your service." All present seemed very feelingly impressed on the hearing of his heartfelt remarks, and so it ended.

A CELEBRATED BEAUTY.—The London Court Journal notices the death of a Mrs. Anne Wallingford. The lady was formerly the beautiful and celebrated Anne Rochforth, with whom George IV., when Prince of Wales, was madly in love. It is due to her memory that she successfully resisted all attempts made by his Royal Highness to compromise her. Some singular anecdotes of Miss Rochforth are extant. She was asked in marriage by the Duke of B——— for his son, the Marquis of C———; while the Prince of Wales solicited her to bestow her hand upon herself, backing his suit by an offer of private marriage, princely settlement, &c. The young lady, wavering and somewhat perplexed between these two noble offers which courted her acceptance, requested Lady Jersey to give her advice how she should act. The Countess recommended her not to consult her heart upon the occasion, but St. Nicholas, who was the patron saint of virgins. The saint accordingly appeared to her, but whether when sleeping or waking history is silent, but he decided against both. Soon after Miss Rochfort met Mr. Henry Wallingford, then the handsomest man of the day. A mutual passion sprang up between them, and in due course they were united. Mr. W. died in 1810, so that his wife has survived him for the long term of 49 years.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 216—Adults 101, and children 115.

☞ Did Nebuchadnezzar go to grass in the heyday of his youth?—*Vanity Fair.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

KENTUCKY.—The Democratic State Convention adjourned, after passing the majority report—which endorses the Dred Scott decision, favors Guthrie for the Presidency, and endorses Mr. Buchanan's Administration—amended by additional demands for a slave code. An ineffectual attempt was made to endorse the Cincinnati platform. Douglas and Illinois politics were denounced.

NEW JERSEY.—The Legislature elected Democrats to the principal offices in both branches. The Americans voted with the Democrats, and received in return the minor offices of the House.

NEBRASKA.—A bill abolishing slavery was passed by the Nebraska Territorial Legislature on the 3d inst. It was expected that Governor Black would veto it. A bill providing for a Constitutional Convention passed the House on the same day.

INDIANA.—The Democratic State Convention was composed in a great degree of Douglas men. A resolution was adopted, by a vote of 265 to 129, to the effect "that while we pledge our support to the nominee of the Charleston Convention, whomsoever he may be, the delegates from this State are instructed to cast their votes in a unit for Douglas, and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination."

The majority of the candidates on the State ticket are Administration men.

CONGRESS.—In the midst of an exciting debate on Thursday of last week, Mr. Haskin (A. L. Dem.), of New York, accidentally dropped a revolver upon the floor from his breast pocket. Mr. Haskin apologized to the House—he had to pass through a very bad neighborhood in going to his lodgings, and never would use a weapon but for self-protection. No election yet, ballots about the same as previous week. Adjourned till Monday.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE DRUSES.—Their women are generally very beautiful, being fairer than the other inhabitants of Lebanon, and they are distinguished by the most lovely dark blue eyes, long raven tresses, and teeth of pearly whiteness. The men generally marry at from sixteen to eighteen years of age; they take but one wife, and always choose partners from their own tribe. The bride is usually from thirteen to fourteen years old. Three days before the wedding, the bridegroom, accompanied by his male friends, goes to the house of his intended, and demands her in a formal manner, from the hands of her father, who formally gives his consent.

They then agree upon the amount of dowry which the husband is to settle on his wife. The bride is led forth for a moment, closely veiled, accompanied by her mother, who vouches for the purity and honor of her daughter. The bride then presents her future husband with the khanjan or dagger, which serves at the same time to show the protection she expects to receive from him, and as an instrument of punishment should the declaration of her mother prove to be false, or should she subsequently break her marriage vows.

The bride, attended by the women, spends the day gaily in the bath; while the bridegroom and his friends amuse themselves with feats of horsemanship, or in drinking coffee and smoking chibouks at the house of the bride's father. This continues for two days; on the third the bride is conducted with considerable ceremony to the house of the bridegroom, closely covered with a red gold-spangled veil, which in the nuptial chamber he removes and presents her with the tantoor. This he places upon her head, where it remains both night and day, while life remains.

The Druse possesses absolute power to divorce his wife, first paying the stipulated dowry. Nevertheless, divorces are exceedingly rare, and they seldom take place at all, except for very serious causes. If a woman is guilty of conjugal infidelity (which is extremely uncommon), she always pays the penalty with her life. The husband sends his wife back to her father's house, and with her the khanjan which he had received on his marriage, but without the sheath.

This notifies her disgrace to her family. The dishonor does not attach to the husband, but to the relatives of the wife, and can only be washed out with her blood. The father and brother sit in solemn judgment over the wife at her husband's house, and if the evidence is sufficient, her doom is pronounced. A father's love is of no avail, a mother's shrieks cannot stay the hand that strikes, nor sisters' tears mitigate the punishment. The executioner, generally the eldest brother, severs her head from her body, and the tantoor, with a lock of her hair steeped in blood, sent to the husband, testifies that the deed has been accomplished.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

I do not envy you, ye joyless stars,
Though fair ye be, and glorious to the sight—
The seaman's hope amid the whelming storm,
When help from God or man there cometh none.
No! for ye love not, nor have ever loved
Through the broad fields of Heaven, the eternal hours
Leading on your circling spheres unceasingly,
How vast a journey have ye travelled o'er,
Since I, upon the bosom of my love,
Forgot all memory of night or you!

—*Goethe.*

☞ To be a man in a true sense, is in the first place, and above all things, to have a wife.—*Michelet.*

☞ In the career of female fame there are few prizes to be obtained which can vie with the obscure state of a beloved wife or a happy mother.—*Jane Porter.*

☞ All the molestations of a marriage are abundantly recompensed with other comforts which God bestoweth on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—*Fuller.*

☞ KNOWLEDGE FOR THE PEOPLE.—Some wag perpetrates the following:—"It has been calculated that the hairs on the tip of a dog's tail, of the average length of fifteen inches, (tail, not hair,) are made to traverse 25,433 miles by the simple act of wagging, during an ordinary happy life of nine years, two months and eleven days, which is the mean lifetime of a dog."

☞ The purest joy of life is not the career of success, nor the crown of distinction—no, nor the comforts that perish in the using; but conversation, the high prize of life, the perfect communion of one mind with another. We may draw illustrations and documents of this statement from all parts of our life and habit. What are the best days of memory?—what, but those when we have met a companion who is truly in sympathy with us?—*Emerson.*

☞ It has been a maxim with me to admit of an easy-reconciliation with a person, whose offence proceeded from no depravity of heart; but where I was convinced it did so, to forego, for my own sake, all opportunities of revenge; to forget the persons of my enemies as much as I was able, and to call to remembrance in their place, the more pleasing idea of my friends. I am convinced that I have derived no small share of happiness from this principle.—*Shenstone.*

☞ Two brothers, of the name of Rich, were lately married to two sisters by the name of Wings, and have emigrated—thus showing that "riches take to themselves wings, and fly away."

NEWS ITEMS.

ELOPEMENT IN CHEMUNG.—The Buffalo Press contains the account of an elopement which took place in the town of Chemung, N. Y., on Thursday last. The parties are Lyman Burt and Mrs. Bosworth, wife of Jerry Bosworth, a respectable farmer of that town. Mrs. B. left a family of children, ranging in years from 4 to 16. The fugitives took everything from the house of Bosworth worth anything except the children.

TOYS.—"Once a Week" says that the great majority of toys are made at Grunhainscher, in Saxony. The glass comes from Bohemia. The bottles and cups are so fragile that the workman has to labor in a confined and vitiated atmosphere, which cuts him off at 35 years of age. All articles that contain any metal are the produce of Nuremberg and the surrounding district.

STRANGE SCENE AT AN EXECUTION.—The Montreal Gazette, in giving an account of the execution of a man named Beauregard, in that city, for the murder of a farmer, says that the attendant minister requested the spectators to pray for the condemned. The vast multitude, with few exceptions, knelt down and engaged in prayer, and for a time nothing was heard but the hum of many voices praying for Beauregard's soul.

A SINGULAR DEATH.—A son of Wm. Nicholson, of Lafayette, Ind., aged 17, on the night before Christmas, got up in his sleep, saddled a horse, and rode some distance from the house before he awoke. He was then so bewildered that he was unable to retrace his steps, and when found was so benumbed with cold that he lived but a short time. The horse was standing near him when found. He had before given evidences of somnambulism.

DEATH FROM BURNING FLUID.—Mrs. William Wagner, of Plymouth township, Montgomery county, was burned so badly on Saturday week that she died in a few hours. She was preparing breakfast, and carrying a fluid lamp of two tubes, but only one of them containing a wick, when thoughtlessly canting the lamp, the fluid was spilled upon her dress, and the saturated garments took fire, and before assistance could be rendered, nearly every thread of clothing was burnt from her body, and when found, her flesh was charred and burnt to a cinder.

JUDGE CRADLEBAUGH thinks that the entire Mormon population of eastern Utah does not exceed 35,000, of whom not more than 8,000 are entitled to vote. The Gentile population of eastern Utah he estimates at 3,500 voters, that of western Utah he puts down at 3,000 voters, and as there is an absolute certainty of an increase of 15,000 or 20,000 in the spring, he hopes to outvote the Mormons at the election next year.

PRICE OF SLAVE LABOR IN VIRGINIA.—The Winchester Republican says:—"The public hirings of slaves this season did not come quite up to expectation, being less than the average rates of last year. Able bodied men have averaged $110; women have brought from $50 to $60; good sized boys $50 to $60; girls $25 to $40. Sales of slaves are lower than they were six months or one year ago." The Fredericksburg Herald says:—"The attendance in town on Monday at the hiring was less than we have ever before noted. Hands for railroad construction hired at $150, and for railroad repairs at $175. Cooks from $35 to $60; nurses from $20 to $40; chambermaids from $30 to $50; farm hands, men, at $75 to $110."

A WOMAN FROZEN TO DEATH.—On Thursday night, the 29th ult., Mrs. Isabella Craig, of Colchester, Ill., was frozen to death. She had been out washing that day, and after night started for home, less than half a mile distant. Her body was found about ten o'clock on Friday morning, frozen almost stiff, within a stone's throw of her house. It would seem that after starting home she had accomplished the greater part of the distance, and that she became bewildered and incapable of rightly directing her steps. In this condition she walked round and round a small circle, not more than thirty feet in diameter. Her path was distinctly marked in the snow. At several places there were indications of her having fallen, and thence struggled or crawled before regaining her feet.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT.—Mr. Annan, of Downfield, N. Y., has succeeded in taking the honey from beehives by the use of chloroform, whereby the bees were removed to another hive without any injury.

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.—Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, writes to the New York Geographical Society, that his party, in ascending a branch of the Shire river, came upon herds of elephants which appeared as far as the eye could reach. It was estimated that eight hundred of these noble animals were seen in one valley.

A SNOW STORM.—The Oswego, N. Y., Times of January 3d says that, on Sunday the 1st, snow fell all the morning, the air being densely filled with flakes; in six hours' time falling to the depth of two feet, preventing pedestrianism.

REFUSED A CHARTER.—The Missouri Legislature, on a vote of 32 to 22, refused a charter for the South-Western University, at Jefferson City, on the ground that northern Methodists were abolitionists.

CONDENSED CIDER.—The solidifying of sweet cider has been accomplished in Connecticut. By the vacuum process, the cider, taken sweet from the press, is reduced five gallons to one, without boiling, and a beautiful jelly is the result, which will keep for any length of time without mould, souring or fermentation of any kind. By the addition of water it is immediately restored to its former condition and becomes cider again. All that is lost by the process are the impurities that may exist in the primary apple juice, and the green sickish taste. The restored cider is much like a drink of prepared tamarinds, but is more delicate and palatable.

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CANADA.—It is stated that there are now in Canada forty-five thousand runaway slaves from the South. Valuing these slaves at an average of five hundred dollars each, they amount to over twenty-two million of dollars.

STEAM WAGONS FOR THE DESERT.—There has recently been constructed in Leeds, England, one of Bursan's traction engines for common roads. It is to be used to travel sixty miles back and forth across the desert, carrying its own water, and conveying ore from and provisions to the Mariposa copper mines, a work hitherto and at present done by mules, driven by half-breed Mexican Indians. It drew thirty-five tons of pig iron and one hundred and twenty men at the rate of five miles per hour, on a level road.

THE ORIGIN OF PIANOS.—The piano-forte, that favorite parlor instrument, now considered an almost indispensable article in every family that can purchase it, was invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in 1717. The square piano was made first by Frederica, an organ builder of Saxony, about 1758. Piano fortes were made in London by M. Zumpic, a German, 766. The manufacture of this instrument was commenced in this country since the opening of the present century.

ESSENCE OF LEMON EXPLOSIVE.—A novel feature of lemon science was developed in Chicago lately, when the lady of the house had occasion to use some essence of lemon, and in pouring it out, it took fire from a lamp and exploded, throwing the contents into the face of another person and burning him badly.

SCATTERING.—On Wednesday of last week, a rover, influenced considerably by liquor, astonished the passengers about the Ohio and Mississippi railroad depot, on the opposite side of the river from St. Louis, by scattering about $500 in bank bills about the platform as freely as if they had been handbills or advertising cards. When picked up by the spectators and offered him, he declined receiving them back, saying he had money enough.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—The Memphis, Tenn., Bulletin, says:—"On Friday afternoon, a fatal accident happened to a little girl, daughter of Mrs. Cole, residing seven miles south of the city, on the Hornlake road. The little girl, whose age was seven years, was playing in the house with her twin brother, when he, in the wantonness of sport, seized a gun and fired at her, seventeen buckshot taking effect in her throat. She immediately ran toward the door, where, meeting her mother, she exclaimed, "Brother didn't go to do it," and died almost instantaneously.

THE FIRST VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY STEAM.—An Eastern Chronicle (Canada) states that the first steamship which made the voyage across the Atlantic was the Royal William, in 1838. She was of 120 horse power, and 1,000 tons burthen, and was built at Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence. The voyage was made from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Cowes, Isle of Wight, and occupied fourteen days. This was five years previous to the voyage of the Sirius, which has always been called the pioneer of ocean steamships.

MR. LONGWORTH, the millionaire, of Cincinnati, has sent to Mr. Sherman, the Republican candidate for Speaker, a present of 200 bottles of his famous Catawba wine.

MR. PRICE, of St. Stephen, in Maine, was burned out of house twice in one night! He owned two houses, a short distance from each other. The one he lived in took fire about 6 o'clock, and his family had barely time to escape to the other. About 12 o'clock that also was found to be on fire, and, as the night was bitterly cold, was laid in ashes.

THE Evening Journal, of this city, asserts that thirty to forty of the seceding Southern medical students have returned, and that many more design returning in the spring.

COLD AT THE SOUTH.—We learn from the Houston Telegraph that, during the late cold weather, there were from fifty to sixty persons frozen to death in Texas, at least forty of whom were under the influence of liquor when frozen. There were also many thousands of hogs, cattle and sheep frozen to death in that State. Last month was the severest ever known there. Snow fell several inches in depth, and ice formed in the streams. The thermometer was down to 11 degrees.

ATTENDANCE AND MILEAGE AT A FUNERAL.—A man in a neighboring State, who possesses property estimated at $50,000 in amount, was recently called upon to administer upon the estate of a deceased brother who left a little property. When he rendered his accounts to the judge of probate, they were found to contain, among other charges, the sum of $2 for one day's time in attending the funeral of his brother, and $2 for railroad fare, in going and coming from the funeral.

THE Independent states that Rev. Geo. Candee, Rev. Wm. Kendrick and Robert Jones, missionaries of the American Missionary Association, have been expelled from Jackson Co., Ky., after having their hair and beards shaved, and tar put on their heads and faces.

THE Jerusalem correspondent of the Boston Traveller says that Prince Alfred, Queen Victoria's second son, who is midshipman in the British Navy, while in the port of Jaffa, received a severe thrashing from a brother middy, whom he had insulted; and it is related of him, greatly to his credit, by his brother officers, that after his defeat he begged the victor's pardon for having commenced the quarrel.

DANIEL BALL, Esq., a banker at Grand Rapids, Mich., has bought the controlling interest in the Peninsula Bank ($157,000) at Detroit. It is estimated by his neighbors that he is worth from $300,000 to $500,000, and it is said that about fourteen years since his stock in trade amounted to a jackknife, a clay pipe, and a plug of tobacco at the time he entered the Grand River Valley, in Michigan, where he superintended a gang of hands in opening up the plaster beds at Grand Rapids, leading off with the spade himself.

LORD PALMERSTON has conferred a pension of £100 a year upon Miss Pardoe, the well-known authoress.

CORN IN KENTUCKY.—The assessors in Kentucky and the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, report a cotton crop of 380,000,000 bushels. Admitting this estimate to be correct, and the value of the crop would be about $130,000,000.

SLAVERY IN MARYLAND.—The aggregate value of assessed property in the State of Maryland is stated at $261,243,000, of which $14,243,597 is in slaves.

LIQUOR SHOPS.—It is said that there are nearly 12,000 liquor shops in the city of New York, and 352 of these are licensed.

A RESOLUTION has been introduced into the Virginia House of Delegates, inquiring into the propriety of taxing bachelors, past 30 years of age, $10 per annum for the education of poor children.

IT is said that the telegraphic work of the London Telegraph Company is to be carried on by female employes.

CONCHA, late Governor of Cuba, made a fortune of seven millions of dollars during his administration.

THE Chinese Government has applied for the mediation of the United States in the difficulties with France and England.

THE recent pamphlet on the European Congress and the Pope, which is ascribed to the pen of the Emperor Napoleon had given umbrage to the Pope, and he refuses to enter the Congress, unless the rumored authorship is officially denied.

SNOW.—Our Mississippi exchanges chronicle the fall of a considerable amount of snow. The whole State seems to have been covered with it to the depth of seven inches, as far south as the latitude of Natchez.

A SUBSCRIPTION to relieve the pecuniary embarrassment of the Pope has been commenced in this country, and two devoted Catholics of Baltimore, Md., have given $350 to the object.

A LIBEL.—Buckle, the author of the History of Civilization in England, has been sued for publishing blasphemous or anti-religious libels. His reference to Christianity in that work has been so construed.

THE New Orleans Picayune, of the 8th inst., says that Assistant Postmaster General King has written a letter to the Postmaster at New Orleans, instructing him that as the distance to San Francisco by the Overland route via San Antonio is less than 3,000 miles, the charge for single letters by that route is only three cents.

STEPHENS AND HAZLETT.—The Legislature of Virginia having authorized a special term of the Circuit Court for the county of Jefferson, Judge Parker has directed notice to be given that the term will be commenced on the first day of February next. It is understood that Stephens and Hazlett, two of the Harper's Ferry conspirators, will be tried. Business not reached at the last regular term is also to be dispatched.

BAPTISM IN HOOPS.—At Chicago last week a rather amusing scene took place during the baptism of a young lady by the pastor of the Tabernacle. The Union says: "The minister requested her to assume the dress peculiar to such an occasion, but she declined to take off her hooped skirt. The minister told her of the inconvenience that must result from her obstinacy, but she persisted. When she came to descend into the bath, the inflated skirt touched the water and rose up around her like a balloon. Her head was lost to the congregation; she was swallowed up in the swelling skirt; the minister tried to force her down into the bath, but she was kept above the surface by the floating properties of the crinoline, and was buoyed up so successfully that it was not until after much difficulty and many forcible attempts to submerge the lady that the minister succeeded in baptising the fair one.—Finally it was effected, to the relief of the minister and the seriously inclined audience, who could not keep from laughing in their pocket-handkerchiefs."

SIMPLE STATISTICS.—A party of gentlemen meeting at a club-house in Washington, a few evenings since, turned the conversation on the age of one of those present, when he pleaded guilty to about 70 years. They went into a calculation as to the number of days, hours, and minutes he had lived, and amount of whiskey and cigars he had consumed; and the result is appended. He had lived 25,550 days, 613,200 hours, and 37,792,000 minutes. Having ascertained that he commenced to drink and smoke at fifteen years of age, and that he considered he had averaged two glasses of whiskey and two cigars per diem ever since, it was developed that he had used those for 20,075 days, in which he had consumed 40,150 drinks, (and the same number of cigars,) which, allowing sixty "drinks" to the gallon, gave 669 gallons, or about eleven hogsheads, at 60 gallons to the hogshead. The gross cost to him, of liquors and cigars, had been $4,015, which would have purchased about 3,200 acres of land, at the Government price of $1.25 per acre; and rather astonished him by the information of the extent to which he had absorbed territory. He took things coolly, however, and *fumed* and *smiled* as of yore.

ASTOUNDING IGNORANCE.—The Doual journals relate an extraordinary instance of ignorance in a village near that town. A physician called a few days ago to prescribe for a sick child of a peasant woman, and ordered a warm bath. "What is a bath?" said she. "Heat some water in your pot on the fire and put your child into it." A few minutes after, a neighbor entered, and found that the woman had put the child into the pot with the water, and had placed the little creature on the fire, which she was diligently stirring up! Of course the visiting neighbor rescued the child from the horrible fate with which it was threatened.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour is without any quotable change, but rather quiet this week, the demand for export still being of a limited character, and holders, at the close, if anything a little more anxious to sell; about 7000 bbls have been disposed of in lots at $5,50@5,75 for standard and good straight superfine, latter for W. B. Thomas' and other favorite brands, and $5,65@6 for extras, as in quality, including 500 bbls of a selected brand at $6,12½ ₱ bbl; 1000 bbls do, on terms kept private, and some Brandywine, the particulars of which have not been allowed to transpire; the bulk of the sales were of extras; some holders refuse our lowest figures for good straight superfine, which is still scarce, and wanted at that price; the trade are buying moderately at $5,50 up to $6@7 ₱ bbl for superfine extra and fancy brands. Rye Flour is offered freely, and is dull at $4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is also dull; and Pennsylvania Meal is nominally held at $3,75 ₱ bbl; a sale of Brandywine Meal was made on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue light, and most of the stock in store being limited above the present views of buyers, the market has been very inactive during the past week, and prices at the close rather lower, the week's sales only reaching about 10,000 bus, taken for milling at 133@136c for fair to good and prime reds, and 148@152c for white in store. Rye is less inquired for, and Penna has been sold at 92@93c. Corn is also rather lower, with but little demand for shipment; the receipts, however, are light, and only about 16,000 bus dry new yellow found buyers at 77@76c mostly in the cars, closing dull at the latter rate; some white also sold at 72c. Oats are without much change, but the demand is only moderate, and some 10,000 bus Penna sold at 44½@45c for fair and good, and 46c for prime heavy lots in store. Of Barley, further sales of N Y State are reported at 80c. Barley Malt is dull.

PROVISIONS—Supplies are coming in more freely from the West, but there is less disposition on the part of the trade to operate, and the market is very quiet. Mess Pork is steady at $17@17,50, and city Mess Beef at $13@15 ₱ bbl, without sales to any extent. Dressed Hogs sell in lots at $6,50@7 the 100 lbs. Of Bacon the sales are limited at 11@12c for Hams, 9½@10c for Sides, and 8@8½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are selling slowly at 10@10½c for Hams, 6½@7c for Shoulders, and 8½@9c for Sides, cash and short time. Lard meets with a limited inquiry at about 11c for bbls and tes, and 11½@12c for kegs. Butter is inactive, and selling as wanted at 11@12c for packed, and 16@17c for Roll, as in quality. Cheese continues steady at 10@11c ₱ lb. Eggs are dull, and quoted at 20c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Buyers generally having taken hold pretty freely last week, the market has since been quiet, and prices somewhat unsettled, with sales of only about 600 bales to note, mostly at from 10 to 12c for low grade to middling and middling fair Uplands, cash, and 10½ to 12½c ₱ lb, on time.

BARK—Quercitron is wanted, but there is little or none offering, and we are only advised of a small sale of 1st No 1 at $27 ₱ ton. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark, and no alteration to note in prices.

BEESWAX—There is no change in price, and good yellow is quoted at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is no alteration in price or demand, and the market continues at a stand still, the inquiry being only to supply the wants of the trade.

COFFEE—Two cargoes of Rio have arrived this week, and holders are firm in their views; the transactions reach about 4000 bags Rio at from 11 to 12½c for common to prime quality, and Laguayra in small lots at 13c, on time.

COPPER is dull, with little demand for either Sheathing or Yellow Metal, and prices are unchanged.

FEATHERS continue dull, and good Western move off slowly at 47@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are moderate at 6½@7c for Dried Apples, and 8@15c ₱ lb for Peaches, as in quality. Green Apples are quoted at $3@4, and Cranberries at $10@14 ₱ bbl, with moderate sales.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutria do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

HEMP is but little inquired for, the stock being mostly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES are held with more firmness, but we hear of no sales of foreign to alter quotations; two cargoes of Porto Cabello Hides have just arrived.

HOPS remain dull, and prices range at 12@16c for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON—The market continues almost at a stand still; there is very little inquiry for future delivery, but sales of 3000 tons Anthracite are reported at $23 for No 1, on time. From store there is a small business at about former quoted rates; nothing is doing in Scotch Pig and no stock in first hands. Blooms and Boiler Plates are unchanged but dull. In Rails and Bars the movement is small and prices the same; a sale of 500 tons American Rails was made on terms kept private.

LEAD—The market is firm, but the stock is very light, and we hear of no sales this week.

LEATHER continues in good demand at the advance, and the market is bare of slaughter leather, which is wanted.

LUMBER—There is nothing doing, the business season being over.

MOLASSES continues in fair demand, and further sales of 400 bbls New Orleans was reported at 51@52c, on time, the former to arrive. Of Cuba we hear of no sales.

PLASTER—Nothing doing, and in the absence of sales we quote Soft nominal at $3 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There has been a steady demand for Clovereed, and sales and re-sales of some 4000 bus are reported at from $5 to $5,50 for common to choice quality, mostly at $5,25@5,37½ ₱ bus for prime lots, including some taken for shipment, on terms kept private. Timothy is quiet, and prices about the same. Of Flaxseed, the receipts and sales were light, and the market firm at $1,57½@1,58 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign continues limited, but Brandies are held with more firmness. Gins are steady. N E Rum is selling as wanted at 35c. Whiskey has been unsettled and dull during the entire week, sales ranging at 23½@24c for Drudge, 24½@25c for bbds, 25@26 for Penna bbls, and 26@27c for Ohio do. We quote at the lowest figures, which establishes a decline.

SUGARS are firm, but the market is quiet, the want of stock limiting operations, and only about 150 hhds have been disposed of, in lots, at from 7¾c to 8¾c for Cuba and New Orleans, and some box sugar at from 7¾c to 8¾c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW—There is rather more doing, and city rendered is selling at 10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market for both leaf and manufactured continues very inactive, but without any changes to note.

WOOL—The Boston auction sales of the 11th and 12th inst have had a tendency to check business, and the sales have been quite limited, but without any change in quotations, holders generally being very firm in their views.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 14.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour quiet, 4000 bbls sold, the market closing prims. State $5,25@5,70; Ohio $5,70@5,85; Southern $5,50@5,80; Wheat buoyant, 5000 bus sold; Chicago Spring Wheat, $1,20 in store; Corn quiet; Pork quiet, Mess $15,25; Prime $11,60; Lard quiet. Whiskey dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1600 head. The ruling prices were for prime lots 10c; ordinary 8 to 9c; inferior 5 to 7c; and stock cattle, of which there were only a few lots offered, 3 to 4½c ₱ lb. Sheep—5000 head arrived, and sold at from 4 to 5c live weight, equal to 8@10c dressed. Cows—75 at market, and selling at from $25 to 50, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 1975 head were at market, and sold at $7 to 7¼ ₱ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, the 11th instant, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. Geo. Bringhurst, assisted by the Rev. Chas. R. Bonnell, W. HENRY BRINGHURST, of Logansport, Ind., to ANNA, eldest daughter of Wm. S. Torr, Esq. of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. THOMAS G. HESS, of Petersburg, N. J. to Miss HARRIET STEELMAN, of May's Landing, N. J. Cape May papers please copy.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. WILLIAM CLARK to Miss ELLEN L. BRADFORD, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M. Mr. JONATHAN M. LANNING, to Miss ANNA DILDINE, both of this city.

Dec. 24, 1859, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM VICKERS, to Miss JANE REDPERN, both of this city.

At New Britain, on the 3d instant, by the Rev. A. C. Wheat, STACY C. WALTON, of this city, to SARAH, daughter of of Jason Lewis, of Bucks co.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Thos. Street, Mr. HENRY MILLARD, to Miss ELIZABETH ABBOTT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Wednesday morning, the 11th instant, ANNIE R. wife of Jacob G. Neafie, in her 27th year.

On the 12th instant, at his residence, in West Philadelphia, Hon. WILLIAM F. BOONE.

On the 11th instant, MARY L. wife of W. Barnes, Sr. in her 77th year.

On the 5th instant, at the residence of his father, Chester Valley, Pa., RICHARD JACOBS, in his 25th year.

On Saturday evening, the 7th instant, PETER A. BROWNE, Esq. in his 78th year.

On Saturday evening, the 7th instant, SARAH A. BAUGH.

On Saturday evening, the 7th instant, SOPHIA L. relict of the late Geo. P. Glentworth, in her 58th year.

On the morning of the 9th instant, after a short illness, CHARLOTTE UPTON, *widow of the late John Upton, in her 81st year.*

On Tuesday morning, the 10th instant, JAMES H. STROUP, in his 48th year.

On the 3d instant, at the residence of her husband, Chester county, Pa., MARY B. ECKY, daughter of the late Chas. Harvey, and wife of John H. Ecky, in her 41st year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1846		
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	99½
" " new	102	—
" 5 "	84	—
Penna 6 pr ct.	75	—
" " coupon	—	55
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	92	92½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	83½	—
Ohio " 1886	101	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	98½
Virginia "	92½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	131	—
Philadelphia	116	—
Far & Mec	55½	—
Commercial	49½	—
N Liberty	19½	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	69	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	45½	45¾
Western	63	64
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	20½	—
Germantown	—	80
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	115	119
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	96
Planters "	110	112
N O Gas Light	180	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	1
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'co	—	—
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	87
Bonds	85	87
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	100	—
2nd "	86½	87
stock	57½	57¾
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	124	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	93
" '88	68	69
stock	18½	19
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87	—
stock	—	40
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	36½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	52	53
2nd "	10	10½
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	1	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	55	55½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	81	81
6 pr ct loan	53	—
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	48½	50
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Mine hill R R	—	—
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	—
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	89½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	82½	—
Michigan Southern	13½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	65½	66
imp. 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	7	7½
preferred	—	—
Lehigh Nav stock	100	101
mort 6 pr ct scrip	26	35
Morris Consol'd	49½	50
preferred	109½	109½
Ches & Del bonds	60	—
Union bonds	77½	—
Susq & Tidewater bonds, 1878	1	—
	27	28

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Jan. 14, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA.	
Baltimore	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	½ dis
Sol bks	par to ½ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	½ to ¾ dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	10 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	CANADA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	1 dis		

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Wit and Humor.

A Game Horse.—Once on a time, a Yankee who was travelling through Kentucky, had a fine horse, and no money. He had taught the animal to lie down or sit on his haunches when the bridle was pulled pretty hard. Our traveller saw no way of replenishing his purse but by selling his horse, and this he resolved to do the first opportunity. As he was going slowly along, he saw a hunter at some distance from the road, whom he rode up to and accosted. In the course of the conversation he told the latter that he had an invaluable horse to sell—a horse that would act precisely like a setter, when he was in the vicinity of game. Casting his eyes around, at the same time discovering some fresh rabbit tracks, he gave the bridle a jerk. The docile quadruped immediately lay down. "There are some rabbits here," said the rider, "I know by his ears." The Kentuckian, curious to test the reputed sagacity of the horse, searched around, and sure enough, started three or four rabbits. He was greatly surprised, but the Yankee took the affair as a matter of course. To make a long story short, the wonderful horse changed hands on the spot, three hundred dollars being the consideration. His new owner mounted him, and with characteristic hospitality, the Yankee agreed to accompany him home. They soon came to a stream, which they had to cross, and which was rather deep for horsemen. Judge of the Kentuckian's dismay, when, on pulling the bridle in the middle of the river, his steed subsided in the running waters as if he was a hippopotamus. "How is this?" he roared out, nothing but his head visible. The Yankee, who was mounted on the hunter's other horse, was not disconcerted in the least, but replied, coolly, "Oh, I forgot to tell you he is as good for fish as he is for rabbits!"—*Tennessee Herald.*

Freemasonry and Gridirons.—A worthy police captain, says the New York Post, entertained a fancy to become a Freemason, and was accordingly proposed and elected. A friend accompanied him to the place of meeting, which was in a building the lower part of which was used as a place of entertainment.

The neophyte was left in an apartment next to the servant's room, while his friend went up stairs to assist in the opening ceremonies.

A Celtic maiden, who caught a glimpse of the stranger, resolved to take part in his initiation, and procuring a gridiron, placed it over the range. It was not long before the captain, looking inquisitively through the door, saw the utensil reddening in the heat. The recollection flashed through his mind of Masonic candidates and some peculiar ordeals which they were made to encounter.

"What is that, *Bridget?*" he eagerly inquired.

"And sure," replied the Hibernian virgin, "it's only the gridiron that I was told to place over the coals."

"Who told you?" asked the eager policeman.

"And was it not the gentleman who came with you?"

"What could he want of it?" demanded the captain.

"And sure I can't tell," replied Bridget; "they are often using it; it belongs to the people above stairs. I always heat it when they want to make a Mason."

This was too much for the excited captain, and taking to his heels he soon put a safe distance between himself and the lodge.

Mrs. Partington's Idea of a City.—The old lady came up to town to select a guardian for her precocious Ike, and remarked as follows:—"How the world has turned about to be sure!" said she; "'tis nothing but change, change! Only yesterday, as it were, I was in the country, smelling the odious flowers; today I am in this big city, my olifactories breathing the impure excretions of coal smoke that are so dilatory to health. Instead of the singing of birds the humbler busses almost deprive me of conscientiousness. Dear me! Well, I hope I shall be restrained through it all. They say that the moral turpentine of this city is frightful; but it isn't any use to anticipate trouble beforehand: he may escape all harmonious influences that would have a tenderness to hurt him.; and, as the minister of our parish said, with judicial training he may become a useful membrane of society; though training is bad generally, and is apt to make the young run to feathers like cropple-crowned hens. But he has genius—(looking at him)—it comes natural to him, like the measles, and every day it is enveloping itself more and more."

A Charitable Juggler.—Breslau, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troop, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens, and promised to give the profits of a night's conjuration to the *poor*, if the parish would pay for hiring a room, etc. The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and the next morning the churchwardens waited upon the wizard to touch the receipts.

"I have already disposed of dem," said Breslau; "de profits were for de *poor*. I have kept my promise, and given de money to *my own people*, who are de *poorest* in dis parish."

"Sir!" exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a *trick*."

"I know it," replied the conjuror. "I live by my *tricks*."

☞ A very fat man having taken a seat in an omnibus, already crowded to the great annoyance of the passengers, several with partial breathing and muttering lips, inquired who such a lump of flesh as the new comer could be. "I don't know," responded a wag, "but judging from the effect he produces, I should suppose him a member of the Press."

☞ A man was mobbed the other day through a wag's saying that his wife was daily imprisoned in an iron cage. It turned out that the cage was a steel hooped skirt.

Agricultural.

LOIS WEEDON EXPERIENCE.

BY MR. SMITH, OF LOIS WEEDON.

It has been for these latter days to prove, from the composition of the Wheat plant, what are the special ingredients it requires for its support. It is proved that not only organic, but inorganic food is required to bring it to perfection; and that if even a single requisite element of inorganic fertility be wanting in the soil, the plant will be incomplete. The fact is of infinite importance to holders and owners of land. Baron Liebig, indeed, in his new work "On Modern Agriculture," has declared, in language more than usually clear, that for want of that inorganic food, much of the land in Germany is gradually wearing out. It is not enough, he argues, that it is manured, however well, with farmyard manure. For, all the substances which go to make up that manure—such as straw and the offal of vegetation—are themselves taken from the land.—Seeing, then, that a portion of the farm produce, with its mineral constituents—such as the grain of Wheat—is sold away from the land altogether, it is clear that an annual exhaustion of inorganic substances is going on, so as in time utterly to impoverish the soil.—That time is drawing near. The high farming of England may defer the evil day, but still, without a change, it must come even to her. He is speaking, of course, generally, and of ordinary farming. For there are individual cases, where an annual and full restitution is made, by special manuring, of the mineral elements taken off the land, so as never to leave it in a doubtful condition, ailing either with grain sickness or clover sickness, or with a slow decline, but in a state of full and perfect health. He does speak generally, however, and he cannot be gainsayed. And if a man point to the wonderful power and strength of the organic element ammonia, single-handed, in raising the Wheat crop, he has a ready reply—that it is evident and undoubted; that the farmer for the time being does reap a large profit from the genial application, and lauds it accordingly. And undoubtedly as long as there exists in the soil a sufficiency of mineral food, this application of ammonia will continue to raise heavy crops, but always with the unremembered certainty that the heavier the crops the sooner the exhaustion must come; the greater the amount of mineral substances taken off, the less remains in the land. The plain truth stated thus is a barefaced truism. It is clear as the sunbeam, and yet the landowner is slow to see and to catch it, notwithstanding. So important, so indispensable is the mineral element of fertility to the Wheat crop.

I claim no merit, then, for the following rule laid down for myself many years ago, and afterwards published as a direction to others: "I suppose at the outset the land intended for Wheat to be Wheat land, that is, loamy or clay land, containing naturally the mineral substances necessary for the growth of Wheat. Land which does not contain these substances, must be supplied from without." I grow Wheat on both descriptions of land; and to my light, gravelly soil, instead of the special manure I recommend to others, I apply what is tantamount, dressings of clay. My heavy clay land is furnished already. For I apprehend I am fully justified in my belief that all clays of fair quality contain within an accessible depth a store of mineral food for the Wheat plant, varying, indeed, in amount and composition, according to the nature of the rock from which they were disintegrated and derived, but still in such abundance as to take centuries of cropping to exhaust it. I do not mean that the time it will last is infinite, but merely so distant as to be indefinite when the supply will cease. To make these mineral substances available, I was compelled to vary Tull's practice. His practice, from which he never swerved, was to keep to the staple of his land, and never to touch the subsoil. Staples vary in depth; but, however shallow they might be, he never went below them. "We must never plough below the staple," 176. The staple of my clay land is, for the most part, five inches deep, and then comes clay, so tenacious as to hold water, and even liquid manure, without leaking. It is so compact and cohesive as to be all but inaccessible to the roots of plants; unless in its natural state, and therefore when cultivated, so much sheer gain. The acre is thus actually doubled in substance; becomes two acres instead of one. Tull had some such land. "On my hill," he says, "whose stratum is clay," 131. So that he knew what words meant when he spoke of staple and subsoil; when he described, for example, "the rills of water that run upon the surface of the clay under the staple or upper stratum of mould," 345. There, then, where Tull ended, I begin. I begin gradually, and bring up to the surface a small portion of this subsoil year after year; lay it bare to the atmosphere; let the solvents of that great laboratory act upon it chemically and mechanically; mix it, stir it till it becomes from a yellow or blue clay a dark rich loam thoroughly permeable and open to the finest rootlet.

This exposure of the subsoil I hold to be indispensable. The subsoil plough is useful, but not thoroughly effective on clay soil even for the time its usefulness lasts, and that is very brief. The clay soon comes together again, and all signs of the work are lost, like the flight of an arrow through the air. What is wanted is mineral food in a fit state to be taken up and assimilated by the plant, and that condition can only be attained by the continuous chemical action of the constituents of the atmosphere on the raw material of the inorganic substances brought to the surface. The mechanical action of the frost and the wind, the fork and the hoe accomplishes the rest, and accommodates the food to the wants of the feeder. One other agent, however, in this important affair of vegetable nutrition is still wanted. In ordinary farming, in dry seasons, the food may be abundantly present in the soil and yet the plant may sicken, as it often does, from sheer inanition. It is powerless to take in the food lying all around it and close to its mouth. The vehicle is wanting, and that is water. It is a circumstance, I think, worth a good deal of consideration, that in deeply pulverized, clean, open, fallow intervals like mine, this necessary agent is never wanting. No matter how dry the season may be, there it is. The dews have provided a constant supply, sinking so deep into the porous bed as to be far out of the reach of exhalation by sun and wind. The crowning object of the plan was yet to be realized. The produce must be raised to a farmer's good average, or would be labor in vain. Narrowing, then, my intervals from Tull's 4 feet 8 or 10 inches, to only 3 feet, my object was gained. For my average measured produce hitherto has been from 34 to 35 bushels. The crop of the present year, not yet threshed, was exceedingly fine; not merely bulky and large in the ear, but unusually heavy in the sheaf; and at reaping was estimated at 40 bushels at the least. Just one thing more, and I have done. Tull used no manure for any of his crops, and the only things he would say for it was, that it helped to loosen the soil. "The almost only use of all manure is the same as tillage, namely, the pulverization it makes by fermentation, as tillage does by attrition and contusion," 384. *Neither do I manure for my Wheat crop, but for a very different reason.* I find the use of manure too efficacious and enriching. Add manure to my deep and thorough tillage and *well-fed intervals*, and the crop will be too exuberant and blight on the spot, or come down and mildew. I fear even the smallest remnant of bygone dressings. I never feel safe till all is exhausted; secure of my mineral food from below, and depending wholly for the nitrogen on past accumulations of atmospheric ammonia in the soil, and its continuous, never-ending flow from the same natural sources.

Using, then, no manure for my Wheat, I have a double supply for my other crops.—Manure, well mixed and well made, from well-fed animals, contains every element of fertility in abundance; and with gross feeding plants at wide intervals and on deeply tilled soil, its forcing power is perfectly marvellous. I will only instance my Winter Bean crop. I give here the process of its cultivation in detail, because, like the Wheat crop, it is grown on the same acre of land year after year; and the plan, like that of the Wheat, is now systematic. I give it for another reason, because it meets a very serious disadvantage in the ordinary growth of the Bean crop—the apparent impossibility of keeping it clean. The weed seeds are thus scattered broadcast at reaping, and the foul straw carried to the yard perpetuates, in manure, the ineradicable evil. Look, then, at my present crop, grown in single rows 5 feet apart. The plant is now up, and in the interval there is the single row of last year's stubble. I shall shortly broadshare and scarify and stir the whole interval; strike a deep and wide furrow in the line of the stubble—subsoil it—and plough into the channel a heavy dressing of manure and leave it for the winter. In the spring, in preparation for the next planting, I shall thoroughly stir and mix the whole together, continuing the clean process till I am shut out by the present crop, which in June or July will cover the land.—There is hardly a weed to be seen, and not one in flower throughout the year. My produce this year, after a promise of more than 50 bushels, dwindled through the heat to 42½.—Last year it was over 44. The year before it was 50½ bushels from—I repeat it in order to arrest attention—from single rows of Beans 5 feet apart. I believe I have accomplished my task, and proved that—compared with the plan of my great predecessor—what I here profess to be new, really is new. I provide, without manure, not merely the organic, but the mineral food for my Wheat crop. I go deep into the subsoil, and narrow the intervals to one-third less. I raise the produce, and bring it to one-third more. I speak under the mark in both. So that I need not blush to repeat, what I have ventured to say before, that the accident of living in a happier age has enabled me with infinite advantage to differ in practice from Jethro Tull.

Rats and Rat-Holes.—It is better to stop rat-holes with pieces of sticks or chips chopped up into lengths of 1 or 2 inches, saturated with coal tar and rammed into their holes, than to pour it into them. My man covers up the months of the holes after being stopped, with sand or earth as being more convenient than mortar.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Observant Street Boy.—"There's a couple o' prize 'uns—they wasn't fed upon 'taturs."

ROTATION FOR A SMALL FARM.

My land consists of 12 acres fit for tillage, and 5 or 6 broken, for pasture. The arable land is a sandy loam; the pasture mostly clayey. I wish you would recommend me a rotation, my object being to raise enough to keep a family of eight or ten. I wish to keep also a span of horses, four cows, and fat four or more hogs yearly. I wish a system that will keep my land improving—it is getting into good order—clover grows well, and oats and turnips. I have not tried wheat.—A. Francis. *Canada West.*

Our correspondent will not probably be able to keep the number of animals he names on his 18 acres at present, but on highly fertile land a greater number may be fed. It would be safest to begin either with a smaller number, or expect to buy some food for them. In a few years, if the land possesses considerable inherent fertility, and is well managed, all that is desired may be accomplished.

We would recommend a rotation for the 12 arable acres something like the following—to be varied with circumstances:—

1st year—Corn, with a portion of potatoes and carrots.

2d year—Barley, peas and beans.

3d year—Wheat, and corn sown in drills for fodder.

4th year—Clover. The lots might be fenced either in three acre or six acre lots.

This *four years' course* would give about three acres each year for the crops designated. For example, the *first year* there might be two acres of corn, which would give a hundred shelled bushels, and enough stalks nearly to winter two cows, if they are finely cut up before feeding—also half an acre each of potatoes and carrots, furnishing about 100 bushels of Prince Albert potatoes, and one to two hundred bushels of carrots—the former more than the family would need, and the latter would help much towards wintering the horses and cows. The *second year* there would be 50 or 60 bushels of barley, peas and beans, all of which, when *well seasoned* and ground, would go a great way towards fattening the pigs, and feeding the horses, and be ample for this purpose with the corn. The *third year* there would be enough wheat for family supply, if an acre and a half were devoted to this crop; and six or eight tons of dried corn fodder on the remaining one and a half acres, which would be enough to furnish the balance of the cow-fodder, assist towards feeding the horses, and a portion might be taken in autumn towards soiling the cattle, should the pasture be dry. The clover crop, the fourth year, might be used for soiling, or, if fenced, for pasturing the horses. The portion after the wheat would be the largest, having half a year's start of that part following the corn fodder.

As there would be four lots of three arable acres each, a constant succession would be afforded each year, as above.

The six acres of broken land might be used for both meadow and pasture. If quite wet, underdraining would be indispensable, and add greatly to the product of the land. Four acres of pasture densely seeded down, (say half a bushel to a bushel of seed per acre,) and occasionally top-dressed in autumn with manure, would pasture the four cows; and the barley and wheat straw finely cut and mixed with meal, would assist in making out any deficiency in the fodder of cattle and horses.

The refuse fruit from a good apple orchard would help much in feeding and fattening swine, or in the increase of the milk of the cows in winter.

The manure, if fresh, should be applied to corn; if decayed or in compost, to wheat. We have omitted oats as being rather exhausting for light soils, such as we suppose our correspondent possesses.—*Country Gentleman.*

Parasites in the Lungs of Sheep.—The presence of the *Strongylus filaria* in the lungs of young sheep is a disease of frequent occurrence. *Treatment.*—Cause the diseased animals to inhale chlorine gas for an hour daily, which is effected by placing them in close sheds so arranged as not to permit the too rapid escape of this gas when generated.

Chlorine is obtained by alternately adding water and sulphuric acid to the chloride of lime placed in soup-plates or vessels of a similar shape. A few of these easily obtained vessels placed on the floor and distributed throughout the sheds will keep up a continuous supply of this gas, which must necessarily be conveyed to the lungs of the inmates during every inspiration.—*Corres. London Field.*

To Cleanse the Bark of Trees.—In speaking to the question before the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, held at Rochester, September 22d, "What are the best manures for the apple, pear, and other fruits, and what are the best means to renovate old apple orchards?" W. P. Townsend said that he remembered how the old orchard got all mossy, and his father set him to scrape the bark of the trees. After working awhile he got sick of it, and told his father if he would let him take the team and draw some manure into the old orchard, he could scrape the trees without injuring the bark. He drew in upon those premises an average of half a load to each tree. Next year the bark began to peel, and of course to bring with it the moss, and they increased in vigor. The next summer, turned the hogs in the orchard, and they pretty thoroughly rooted it all over. Even to the tops of the trees the old bark had started, and the body had all the thrifty and vigorous look of young trees. The fruit that used to be half or three-fourths wormy, is now fair, smooth and free from vermin. By invigorating the trees, he destroyed the insects that had destroyed the fruit.

Useful Receipts.

Pumpkin Pies—New Mode of Making.—My wife believes that she has discovered a new method of making pumpkin pies which has many advantages. Instead of stewing the pumpkin, bake it in large pieces with the skin on in the stove oven, then scoop out the pumpkin and treat it as if stewed. The labor and care is very much diminished, and the pie improved in quality.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Keep Moths from Clothes.—Nothing moths dislike so much as being disturbed. The clothes, &c., should therefore be taken out of the linen bag (a pillow-case tied or sewed at the open end is the best,) and well shaken once a month. A bag of clothes left unshaken is like an undisturbed fox covert, where there are plenty of rabbits, to a fox. He won't go away till he is forced to decamp by being hunted up. Moths can't bear tallow, and if curtains, &c., are put away for any time, I should recommend a pound of the commonest tallow candles to be put in paper and placed in with them. In the museum of the Jardines des Plantes, at Paris, they told me they used benzoin collas to keep the moths out of the skins of the animals, and not a trace of a moth did I see in their miles of galleries of stuffed beasts. The other day I was asked what to do with a Crimean sheep-skin coat that had got the moth in it. I had it well shaken, and then benzoin collas rubbed in. It is not the moth that flies about that does the harm to the clothes, so much as the grub from which the moth comes—a white little creature, with a red head. I collected several of these grubs from the Crimean coat, and having moistened the palm of the hand with benzoin collas, I put the grubs on it. They began to twist and turn about, and were dead in a second or two. I should therefore recommend benzoin collas to destroy moth grubs when present, and also to keep them away. I read somewhere (but I can't recollect where) that cyanide of potassium was fatal to moths, and that they won't go near it. It would be worth trying this; and, I imagine, the best form to use it would be to buy some of the soap that photographers use to clean the nitrate of silver stains from their hands, and place it along with the clothes. But, after all, frequent shakings are the best antidotes to moths and their grubs.—F. T. Buckland, *in London Field.*

To Re-Japan Old Trays.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rotten stone; then dry them by wiping and exposure at the fire. Next, get some good copal varnish, mix with it some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tea-tray in an oven, at a heat of 212 or 300 deg. until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

Lemon Preserve.—An excellent substitute for jam may be made as follows:—One pound of powdered loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, six eggs, leaving out the whites of two of them; the juice and rind of three fine lemons. Put the ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the whole gently over a slow fire until it becomes as thick as honey. Put it into small jars, and keep it in a cool, dry place.—Mirza.

How Rats May be Expelled.—A gentleman whose house was literally overrun with vermin, adopted a novel but strictly philosophical method to dislodge them. Opening the floor at several places in the upper stories of his house, he placed there several vessels containing a mixture of sulphuric acid, black oxyde of manganese and common salt, and closed down the boards. The result was a slow decomposition and recombining of elements, in the progress of which the heavy, stifling gas, chlorine, was disengaged. This made its way along the open spaces, and down to the cellar. A few breaths of the poisonous atmosphere served to convince the rats that danger was at hand. Seizing what of their accumulated plunder they could, they hastened to abandon the premises, sneezing and weeping as they went, from having inhaled the noxious chlorine. Many months passed before one of the number ventured to return. An army of ants, moths, bugs, roaches, and other pestilent insects perished from the fumes.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

A Receipt for Frosted Feet and Chilblains—Warranted to Cure.—Take the thin skin that is on the leaf fat of a hog, and bind on the parts effected. The grease that is in it keeps the parts moist, stops the itching, and causes no pain. I have tried it sixteen years, and always save some when I kill my hogs.

G. J. M.

☞ A Pennsylvania editor, in an appeal to his patrons, says:—"The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, beeswax, wool, and anything else that he can eat."

☞ Ether, like wine, brings out the truth. Some time ago a surgeon at our hospital was making a new nose for a horrible looking female patient. Ether was administered. She ejaculated, "I know I am not pretty, but I have pretty ways."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 5, 10, 23, 7, 17, 28, 1, is the god of time.
My 16, 9, 41, 32, was a youth beloved by Cybele.
My 2, 12, 15, 13, 38, 35, 2, was the mother of the Pleiades.
My 26, 41, 36, 4, 34, 21, is the goddess of health.
My 19, 41, 25, 6, 26, 46, 31, was an island sacred to the worship of Venus
My 36, 42, 51, 41, 37, 39, was destroyed by Hercules.
My 19, 33, 45, 41, 40, 18, 34, 32, was turned into a whirlpool for stealing the oxen of Hercules.
My 31, 53, 12, 16, 39, 37, 34, 43, 48, 32, were the daughters of Atlas.
My 6, 13, 2, 2, 38, 12, 41, 54, 26, was the queen of the Amazons.
My 7, 21, 41, 2, 50, 9, 16, was one of the harpies.
My 2, 52, 8, 23, 37, 48, 1, were household gods.
My 10, 30, 27, 45, 15, were goddesses of time.
My 49, 23, 12, 12, 7, 17, 13, 16, was empress of the valleys.
My 47, 15, 12, 13, 23, was one of the names of Diana.
My 24, 46, 7, 30, was a form assumed by Apollo to escape the rage of Typhon.
My 29, 12, 7, 22, 16, was the goddess of flowers.
My whole is a much admired oration and the author's name. M. E. S.

Collinsburg, La.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 9, 5, 14, 29, we could not do without.
My 16, 18, 6, 2, 21, we should not do.
My 27, 11, 23, 15, is a useful metal.
My 2, 5, 9, 11, 23, 4, is a farming utensil.
My 16, 19, 5, 9, is seen at night.
My 1, 8, 7, 17, is used by Indians.
My 30, 23, 4, is an animal.
My 24, 11, 23, 25, 1, is seen in winter
My 2, 23, 20, 9, is a division of time.
My 6, 11, 3, 22, 29, is a color.
My 19, 12, 7, 29, 31, 23, 16, 13, 28, is one of the United States.
My 24, 5, 26, 13, is part of the body.
My whole is a literary institute in Philadelphia.

Willow Grove, Montgomery Co., Pa.

FRANK FANE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One day a man came walking by,
I think one might say to old fashions inclined,
For altogether his dress was odd,
And truly my first we could see from behind.

The silly could not call him proud,
For a loaf of my second he held in one hand,
In the other he held my third;
I thought him a surgeon from some foreign land.

A high wind came which was very annoying,
So I offered my fifth to do to my first;
But far was he from my offer enjoying,
It proved not the best I could do but the worst.

Very conceited I'm sure you'd call him,
For my fourth came constantly forth from his mouth;
I called him my whole, and you'd have styled him
A disciple as queer as is seen north or south.

C. H.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the first day of January, 1853, A commenced business by himself on a small scale. On the first day of May following, he admitted B as a partner, with a capital sufficient to swell the whole investment, at that time, to $1,000. Three months from the day B was admitted as a partner, C was taken into the firm, with money enough to make his investment and B's, together, equal to $1,306. On the first day of November, in the same year, D was taken into the firm as a fourth partner, with a sum of money sufficient to make his capital and C's, together, amount to $1,500. On the first day of April, 1854, they, by mutual agreement, dissolved their partnership, divided the profits among them, and retired from business. When this distribution was made, A and C received, jointly, $6,900 as their share of the whole stock and gain; B and D, together, got $6,700 for their quota of the investment and profits, and A and D drew $6,200 as their portion of the whole concern. Required—the sum of money each invested, and the sum each gained by this profitable speculation?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Six men, A, B, C, D, E, and F were respectively living at the following distances from each other:—From A to B the distance was 480 perches; from B to C 400 perches; from C to D 320 perches; from D to E 240 perches; from E to F 160 perches; and from F to A it measured 80 perches. Now they agreed to build a church between them in that particular spot of their circle that all 6 of them should have a like distance to that church. And this distance is requested to be found by the rules of mathematics?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a piece of land 12 rods long and 10 rods wide. From the north west corner a line is drawn to the centre of the south side, one from the north-east corner to the centre of the west side, one from the south-east corner to the centre of the north side, and one from the south-west corner to the centre of the east side. Required the space included between these four lines, or area of the rhomboid formed by the lines? GEO. DUNHAM.

Savoy, Berkshire Co., Mass.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Ans.—Because it's in constant.

☞ When you cut six inches off a walking stick how long is it? Ans.—Six inches shorter.

☞ If a fender costs six dollars, what will a ton of coal come to? Ans.—To ashes.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Edward Bates. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A home in the West. RIDDLE—A pen. CHARADE—Williamsport. ENIGMA—Minim. GEOMETRICAL QUESTION—13.8348 inches.